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NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 27TH, 1937

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HIGH SCHOOL EXTOLLED BY INSPECTOR

Citizens Asked To War On 'Pesky' Mosquitoes

Sewage Disposal Plant Is
Crying Need, Declares
M. O. H.

OIL KILLS MOSQUITOES

Mosquito control is not a matter for the board of health, but for the town property committee, and private citizens, Dr. J. H. Wesley, M. O. H., has advised the town council on behalf of the board of health.

Dr. Wesley's letter follows:
"In reply to your request of May 3rd regarding abatement of the mosquito nuisance your board of health fails to see why this nuisance should be relegated to them."

"Every summer since we can remember, the active little pests have required the constant attention of every member of the family to keep them from getting in their nefarious work; so the only relief we can hope for is along preventive lines, and it becomes a personal affair in this way—every owner or tenant should take care of his own grounds. It is understood that mosquitoes breed on low-lying ground, where the water stands and at a time when the weather gets warm in the early summer. So it becomes the duty, or should be the duty, of private individuals to drain their own property where it can be done, and to look after the spraying or oiling of such places."

"Any cheap oil can be used. Old oil out of the crank case of the motor, thinned down with some cheap, lighter oil will answer the purpose as well as any-

HOSPITAL AID MEETS

A meeting of the Hospital Aid will be held on Tuesday, at 3.15 p.m. in the council chamber.

thing and is quite inexpensive. But the matter should be looked after early in the summer before the larvae have had time to hatch. So it becomes apparent that not only householders should have their responsibility in this matter, but business places and factories, while the streets, parks and public places should be taken care of by the property committee of the town council. The Office Specialty should drain the low lying parts of their flats and oil where necessary. The members of the bowling green should give early attention to their grounds."

"The turning basin of the Newmarket canal should be dredged and cleaned up, for that place is objectionable for many reasons. This brings up another matter that has been in abeyance for years—the need of a sewage disposal plant. The town has been fortunate enough so far to escape trouble from outside individuals and municipalities but no matter should be taken care of in the near future as a sanitary matter if for no other reason."

"But as yet we fail to see where the extermination of the pesky little mosquitoes should fall entirely on the board of health, as it is more of an economic question than one that concerns the public health."

BAND TO GIVE PARTY BESIDE "FAIRY LAKE"

Mrs. Baque Lends Grounds
For Citizens' Band
June 23 Event

PROMISE BAND CONCERT

Through the generosity of Mrs. Harriet Baque, who is loaning her beautiful lawn for the occasion, the Citizens' Band is promising to make the garden party on June 23 one of the finest ever staged in town.

Besides the usual garden party features, it is intended to provide a program of free entertainment consisting of a band concert, high class vaudeville and community singing that will make a real gala night.

The band has always been very liberal with its services to various organizations in town in the past and it is hoped all will show their appreciation by co-operating to make this garden party a complete success.

KIDDIES HOLD SPRING REVUE

Relatives and friends of Newmarket children attended the spring revue of the Bellfontaine school of the dance on Friday evening in the town hall. Attractive costumes made the display particularly pretty.

Under the direction of Miss Audrey Denyes, the children have practiced each week in the Memorial hall and the spring revue brings an end to the season's activities.

The "Coronation Militaire" by Shirley Geor, Beverly Nash, Helen Smith, Margaret Proctor, Shirley Hackett, and Bruce Bales was the first and a lovely item on the program, followed by Donna Mackenzie in the well executed dance, "Petite Goldilocks." Betty Stephens was gay as the "Gay Caballero."

Clendinning, Elaine Robinson, Ruth Deavitt, Nancy Nash, Barbara Jean Pritchard, Doreen Smith and Barbara Bines of the "baby" class were delightful in "Our Darlings in Pinks." Irene Blair pleasingly gave a "Tip Tap and Toe Militaire."

Jean Binns, Joyce Hill, Doreen Newton and Edith Dow were seen to advantage in "Modernette." Shirley Hackett was a dainty "Pierrette."

Marion Rogers displayed "Soft Shoe Rhythm" and Gweneth Smith, Joan Nesbitt and Irene Blair were charming as "Polka Dots."

"From Gay Paree" brought Donna Mackenzie, Irene Hill, Jean MacArthur, Betty Stephens and Joan MacArthur to the stage in a pleasing dance.

An interesting tap dance, "Tapping Co-eds," was well done by Beverly Nash, Jean Binns and Helen Smith. Margaret Proctor and Doreen Newton pleased the audience when they had "A Little Bit of Fun."

Two dances by the instructress, "Lady in Blue" and "March in Silver," were greatly enjoyed, as were the numbers by members of the Brampton section of the school who were present to assist with the program.

Following the dancing, flowers were presented by the children to Miss Denyes and to Miss Eileen Doby of Newmarket, one of the two pianists. The "National Finale" was a solo by Bruce Bales.

COMPLETES FIRST YEAR

Walton Ainsley has successfully completed his first year at the school of pharmacy.



ROYAL FAMILY IS ONE OF BRITISH COMMONWEALTH'S HAPPIEST

The old saying is, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but it is certainly not true of Britain's king. The king holds his crown by the unanimous wish of all the people of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The king enjoys an arduous job and a happy family life.

Board Recommends Town Collection Of Garbage

Dissatisfied With High Iron
Content Of Town
Water Supply

The board of health consisting of Mayor Dr. S. J. Boyd, J. R. Y. Broughton, chairman, Dr. J. H. Wesley, medical officer of health, and N. L. Mathews, K.C., clerk, met at the office of the M.O.H. for the transaction of business on Friday.

Archie Mair, milk inspector for the town, gave a verbal report of his work and the board expressed their approval.

The question of the quality of the town water was taken up and much dissatisfaction was expressed on account of the quantity of iron contained in it but the board was unable to suggest any remedy.

A motion was passed which is to be passed on to council, that the garbage collection would be

IS OPERATED ON

Frank Brammer was operated on at York County hospital, Friday evening for appendicitis. He is coming on nicely.

better handled by someone appointed by the town council, and recommended that the cost of the same be included in 1938 taxes.

The clerk was asked to prepare a petition for the residents of Simcoe and Niagara streets to express their wish for or against a sewer on the above streets.

There was a complaint from one citizen to the board that the town water had been shut off without any previous warning, but the clerk gave his assurance that no water user is ever shut off for arrears without fair warning.

College Takes Victory From Reds With 4-3 Win

Pickering College softballers had something to write home about at the end of their encounter with the Newmarket Redmen on the college grounds Thursday night.

After trailing the Redmen 3-0 until the fifth inning, Dyer, lanky centre-fielder, put the college on even terms when he drove out a liner that brought in two men, with Dyer following after a little rest on third. Dyer also was responsible for some handy work in the field.

A run in the seventh gave Pickering the victory by a 4-3 score.

Wood and McKee, who handled the hurling for the college, proved a little too much for

some of the new followers of the Redmen's standard, and might have looked much better had it not been for the better batting of some of the locals.

Bill Burkholder appeared behind the plate for the Redmen and Speedy Giles held down first base. The Redmen's pitching department was shared by Ben Wilson, and the new mystery southpaw, Martin Gahagan.

The Redmen play their league game on Tuesday night when they meet Richmond Hill on the latter's home grounds. The battle should be a tough one, as Richmond Hill is rumored to be strong this year, and it is expected that the Reds will have a real test.



RESIGNS POST

Following 27 years service as science master, W. L. Kidd has tendered his resignation as a member of the Newmarket high school staff. Mr. Kidd is a much-liked teacher and member of the community.

HONOR SUTTON GIRL

Miss Eleanor Ruth Scott of Sutton West was honored with an academic award at the graduation exercises of the Toronto General Hospital.

LAKE SIMCOE GAMES START

The Lake Simcoe softball league opened its 1937 schedule of games this week. Eight teams are entered this year compared with six last season. Fifty-six games will be played before the play-offs. So everyone should have much sport watching these 8 teams strive for the "Cook Cup."

Queensville club's first home game will be held on June 3 on the public schools grounds.

Unusual Praise Given Principal, Staff, Board

More Attention To School
Library Suggested By
Inspector

"A credit to their parents and to the homes in this community," was the manner in which Inspector S. R. Rendall described the conduct of Newmarket high school students, in his annual report, read to the high school board on Friday afternoon. Chairman George D. Wark presided.

"The general tone of the school is good," the report stated. "The students are a likeable group of young people and their reception of a visitor was friendly and courteous."

"The school is running smoothly and efficiently. Credit in no small measure should be given to the organizing and administrative ability of the principal, J. B. Bastedo. He is progressive in policy and ambitious for his school. He is giving excellent leadership to the student body. Credit should also be given to the loyal and capable staff."

"The accommodations here are excellent, and the manner in which they are maintained reflects real interest on the part of the board, care and supervision on the part of the principal and staff, good work on the part of the caretaker, and pride in the school on the part of the students."

"The board has co-operated well in providing equipment. Their interest and support have had much to do with the high

VISIT LORNE PARK

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beckett and family, Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Lee, Miss Elsie Gibbons, Stanley Gibbons, and Miss Bertha Perry spent the holiday at Lorne Park College, Port Credit.

standard of the school. "The principal has planned his organization carefully and reasonably adequate provision has been made for teaching a wide range of subjects," the report continued.

The report commended the caretaker on his work. Much of the teaching was good or excellent and records were properly kept, it stated.

Spelling in the Newmarket high school was considerably above the average, and the book-keeping books were neat and well kept. The project work in geography was especially worthy of mention, the inspector said. The neatness of the written work was above the average, and the physical training work was exceptionally good.

The report complimented Miss Alberta Atkins on her work. "The board is to be congratulated on an efficient school secretary," it read.

It was suggested by the inspector in his report that the board give more attention in the next few years to the school library, and include in its budget each year a reasonable amount for library purposes.

Redmen Meet Aurora Here To Renew Softball Feud

Town Bands, Council Members To Attend First
Home Game

The schedule of the Newmarket Redmen calls for lots of action from the softballers in the next week. Tonight they will seek their revenge from Pickering on the Stuart Scott school grounds. Tuesday evening will see them in Richmond Hill, battling through the first of their league games.

But perhaps the biggest thrill of all will come next Thursday, when the Reds meet Aurora on the Stuart Scott school grounds. The Aurora team is known as the "ancient enemy" of the local squad and both teams will be throwing all they have into the fray.

It is planned to make a gala event of the occasion. The town bands are expected to participate, and the council members

JUNIORS ARE ENTERTAINED

A social evening closed the activities of the Junior W.A. of St. Paul's Anglican church last week when they were the guests of the Senior W.A. at a party which also included the children who took part in the play, "How the Princess' Pride was Broken." Games were played in the hall and then refreshments were served by the ladies.

will be asked to lend their support in officially opening the game. While the rumor that Joe Spilletto will wear a silk hat to the affair is without any foundation in fact, the Redmen's first league game at home will have all the qualities of a big-league opener.

Plan Parade, Gymnastics, Speakers, For Co-op Rally

I. H. Hull, Agnes Macphail Will Speak, McCulley Takes Chair

Silver trophies are offered for the "best decorated float, truck, or car or other vehicle illustrating the co-operative idea" in a co-operative parade according to an announcement made by the committee in charge of the co-operative rally to be held in Aurora town park on Tuesday evening, June 8. Starting at 6 p.m., standard time a varied program will run until midnight. John Madison, Danish instructor from Toronto, will display gymnastics by a troupe of men and women at 5.30 p.m.

After a welcome to the town by Mayor Boulding, the chair will be taken by "Joe" McCulley, headmaster of Pickering College. Brief remarks are expected from E. H. Clarke, secretary of the Ontario Milk Producers' Association, and Mr. Vance, secretary of the United Co-operatives, Indianapolis. The committee has been fortunate in securing two noted personalities to address the gathering. I. H. Hull, president of National Co-operatives Incorporated, the great American league of co-operative wholesalers, is visiting Toronto for a day and will be featured on the Aurora platform. With him will speak a lady well known to Ontario, Agnes Macphail, M. P., Ontario vice-president of the Co-operative Union of Canada and a director of the United Farmers Co-operative Company.

At the conclusion of the open-air program a dance will be held in Aurora high school auditorium which will also accommodate the whole meeting in the event of rain or unfavorable weather. The rally is sponsored by a committee representing both producer and consumer co-operation in York county and district.

WIN IN ORATORY

Splendid prepared and impromptu speeches were given by first and second year students at the high school last Friday. Winners were: first year, Barbara Davis, Alice Belugin; second year, Victor Sturdy, Mona Armstrong.

TEST SKILL IN STOCK-JUDGING

The annual York County Junior Farmers' stock-judging competition and girls' Achievement Day in the Richmond Hill district will be held next Thursday. Junior Farmers from all parts of the county will judge ten classes of live stock at the surrounding farms and the girls will exhibit their year's work in connection with the dressing up home-grown vegetables and clothes-closets clubs.

John D. Patterson of Don Head Farms will entertain both boys and girls to a picnic lunch at noon and in the evening a banquet will be held in Richmond Hill for all contestants and their friends. Dr. G. I. Christie, president of the Ontario Agricultural College, will be the guest speaker at this evening banquet.

Another annual event for the York Junior Farmers comes on June 11. This is the annual picnic to be held at Musselman's Lake. Baseball and other sports will commence at 2 p.m.; standard time, followed by a picnic supper at 5.30 p.m., and concluding with a dance in the evening. All Junior Farmers are most heartily invited to attend both events.

Era Want Ads. bring results.

Oshawa Strike A Hepburn Bogey, Tories Told Here

J. E. Nesbitt Heads North
York Conservative
Organization

J. E. Nesbitt was elected president of the North York Conservative Association at the annual meeting held in the town hall on Saturday afternoon. J. D. Sibbald, Jackson's Point, and Alex McKenzie, Woodbridge, were made vice-presidents. The post of secretary will again be filled by A. W. Buchanan of Richmond Hill.

T. A. M. Hulse and Mayor Dr. C. R. Boulding of Aurora sponsored a resolution pledging support to Hon. Earl Rowe. Conservative women in North York will form an organization among themselves, similar to that of the men, to organize more fully the activities of the party in the district, it was decided. Sir Alfred Morine, former premier of Newfoundland, belittled the importance of the Oshawa strike, stating that it could have been settled without any fuss, without

AYRSHIRES PURCHASED

James Vincent, Ayrshire dealer from Agincourt, has purchased from "Ayrspings Farm" on Yonge St., five mature cows for Tom Beckett of Zephyr who is starting an Ayrshire herd for dairy purposes.

the interference of Premier Hepburn.

"The premier created a diversion from the separate school question by making a bogey of the C.I.O., aiming to bring Mr. Rowe into a coalition and thus go back into power on the crest of a wave of hysteria and fear," Sir Alfred stated.

"There was no emergency," he said. "The Oshawa strike was the most orderly and decent strike ever conducted. Mr. Rowe's conduct in refusing the premier's tempting offers to come into a coalition deserve the highest praise."

Sutton Rate Is 31 Mills Plan Local Improvements

Walk Off With Silver While
Pal Talks With Cook
In Kitchen

Sutton. — The village council decided at their meeting on Monday night that the tax rate would be 31 mills, the same as last year. The provisional assessments remained almost the same as the previous year, it was learned. The county's levy is slightly decreased this year, which will permit the council to spend some extra money on local improvements.

Anne's Restaurant, operated by Miss Anne Chalmers, was partially looted on Friday night. A party of four men, passing through, entered and ordered some sandwiches.

One of the party went into the kitchen. While the order was being filled his comrades made good their escape with a considerable amount of dishes and silverware.

The restaurant owner notified the police but no trace was found. They were unable to ascertain the license number of the car. The loss was estimated at \$10.00.

RETURN FROM COAST

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Owens have returned from a trip to Vancouver. They went by car with Mr. and Mrs. Erv Downey. Mr. Downey, former proprietor of the Hillsdale Dairy, is taking over a new dairy in Port Hope.

RECEIVES HONORS

Lorne Patterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Patterson completed his first year in mechanical engineering with honors.

WOMEN ELECT NEW OFFICERS

The May Meeting of the Newmarket Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Ed. Brammar on Thursday afternoon, with a splendid attendance.

Mrs. A. E. Boyd, president, opened the meeting. The roll call was then read by the secretary, Miss C. Roadhouse, and responded to by the exchanging of bulbs and perennials, which proved a fine gesture at this season of the year.

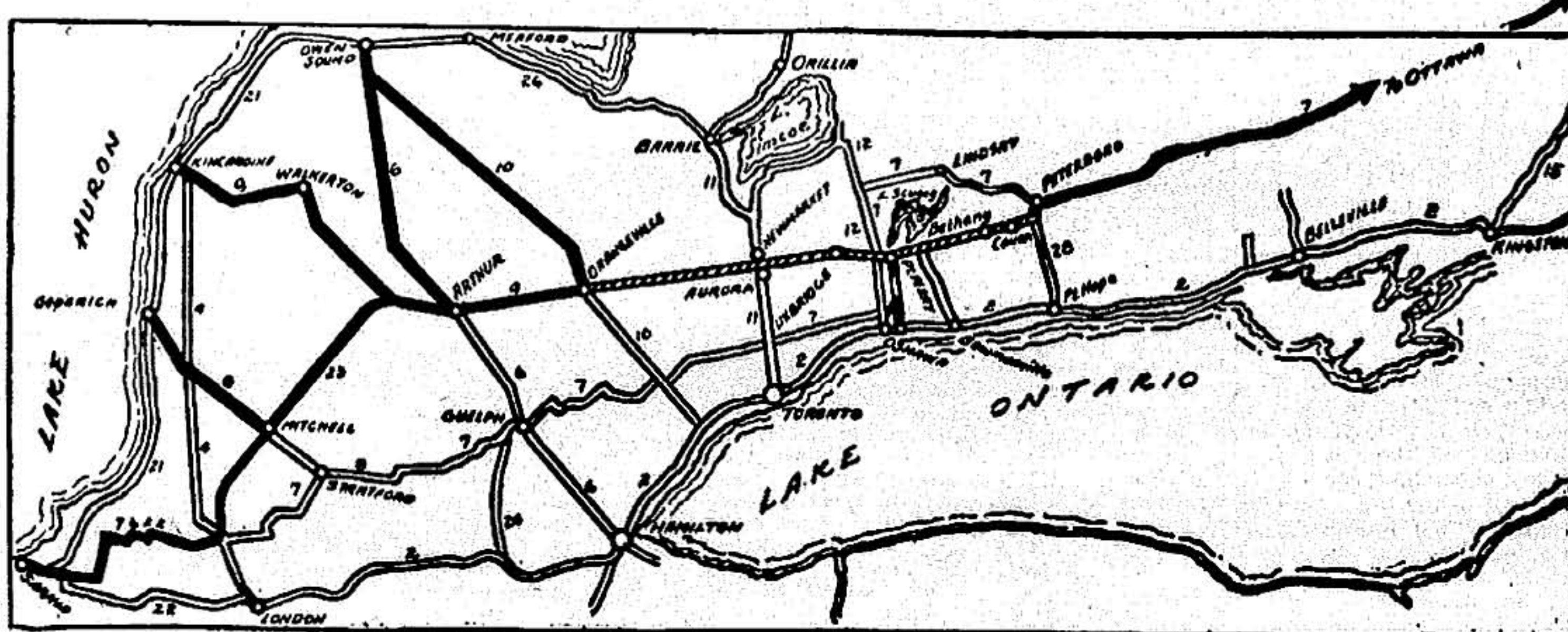
A lovely piano duet, "Mr. Golliwog," was well rendered by Misses Joyce Bothwell and Betty Goslett.

Reports were heard from each group of the society which were very interesting and showed a marked progress in the year's activities.

Mrs. E. N. Penrose, honorary president, then took charge of the election of officers for the ensuing year.

On motion, all members were returned to their respective places, with the exception of the press secretary who resigned and Miss Bertha Neilly was appointed secretary.

A group on "Canadianization" was added to the standing committees with Mrs. A. L. Dunn as convener.



NEW HIGHWAY ACCOMODATION NEEDED, DECLARES PREMIER

Hope of early undertaking of the proposed Orangeville to Peterboro highway, of which the provincial government has already assumed the Orangeville to Schomberg section, became stronger here with Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn's statement on Tuesday that heavier traffic arteries are needed across western Ontario. The Ottawa-Lake Huron artery, which lacks only one link, would relieve the other routes of a lot of traffic. Premier Hepburn said that on Monday, even with the 50-mile speed limit, he had never seen such traffic congestion.

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ANDREW OLDING HEBB.

Editor and Proprietor

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THURSDAY, MAY 27TH, 1937

WHAT YOU DO WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO

Sometimes a phrase sticks in the mind. In one of Toronto's public circulating libraries there used to be a placard which read something like this: "It is what you do when you don't have to that determines what you will be when you can't help it." If we are continually writing in these columns about how we can become a bigger town and how our stores can become bigger stores and render more service to the public, (and how The Era can become a better local newspaper, with more advertising and more circulation), we would not have our readers think that we would measure the progress of a town in material growth alone or in growth at all. We can imagine an ideal town which never got any new industries, whose population never increased, whose stores did not become any bigger or more numerous. As a matter of fact, the more a town grows the more it approaches cityhood and that isn't an ideal condition. If we want to live in a city it is simpler to move to one than to build one.

Things Seen And Unseen

The real worth of a town must be measured in the outward beauty of its streets and homes, in the health of its people, in the enlightenment of its schools, in the neighborliness and generosity of its people, in the cleanliness of its sport, and in its continual effort at improvement in all these things. While we write more often of the material progress and the increase in property values that go with growth of industry and of population, we do try to keep in mind these other values as more important. Our happiness depends on our health and ideals, not on our wealth. The wise use of time, particularly for young people, determines the sort of people we are and the sort of town we are. If we read wisely, if we learn something of music, if we play games that will build us in health, if we try to make our jobs as educational as possible, we are building a better town.

Better Use Of Time

It is, as already quoted, what we do when we don't have to that determines what we will be when we can't help it. Education is something gained for ourselves, not given to us, gained while freely doing worth-while things that we "don't have to." Education, moral progress, character, lie in the better use of time. When we wrote in these columns last summer of playing softball in Newmarket on Sundays, we were writing of a better use of time for young men who might be loitering about the streets or risking their lives in Sunday motoring. When critics said, "Oh no, the Sabbath is for worship and reflection only," they were advocating a still better use of time, but not a use to which they could possibly persuade the young men who would play softball to devote their entire Sundays. If we can't do the best things, let's do better things.

INTERNATIONAL NEIGHBORLINESS

Canada's prime minister, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, is putting first things first when he stresses at the imperial conference in London the necessity of a movement away from economic nationalism. It is strange how applicable are the 2,000-year-old teachings of Christ to the complicated international situation of today, but it is very true that what the world of nations needs today is a little more love of neighbors. Nations trying to live to themselves economically, in preparation for war or in the supposed interests of their own prosperity, are biting off their own noses.

Mr. King's Beliefs

All his life Mr. King has believed in economic international neighborliness. He has advocated economic generosity towards others while out of office and he has demonstrated it while in office. We do not mean to say that Mr. King while in office has introduced free trade measures but he and his ministers have lowered tariffs as far as they could carry the Canadian public with them. Lowering tariffs is not as spectacular as raising them, but it is sounder. It should be pointed out further that it is not good government for one administration to lower tariffs radically only to have another administration restore them to their former level. Lowering the tariff may bring general benefit to the country, to consumers of the product formerly protected and to all citizens by stimulating trade with other countries, but it may also work hardships to those employed by a protected industry. More important than lowering tariffs or raising tariffs is continuity and stability of tariffs. It is expensive to build an industry up with tariff protection and then to wipe it out by exposing it to undue foreign competition.

Tariffs and War

There is only one sound reason for tariffs, in our opinion, and that is the expectation of war. So long as nations face the possibility of war with each other they are on sound ground to try to make themselves as economically self-sufficient as possible. If there were no possibility of war, they would be paying a heavy price to insist on making for themselves what others can make for them more economically. Unfortunately, this tariff preparation for war is itself one of the principal causes of war. When war is outlawed there will be little need for tariffs; when tariffs are outlawed there will be little danger of war.

HEY DOWN, HO DOWN

Why do we say, "Clean up and paint up" (it is that time of year, you know)? In actual practice one cleans "down" and one paints "down." Well, then, let's have a "clean down" and a "paint down" week. Let's paint from the ridgeboard "clean down" to the foundations, and let's paint the attic "clean down" to the cellar.

KING MIDAS DIES

John D. Rockefeller is dead. Never was the hero of a fairy tale richer. Everything he touched turned to gold. It seems almost unbelievable that it was only in the last century that the Germans, the brothers Grimm, and the Dane, Hans Andersen, were writing their fairy stories. Do parents still tell fairy stories to their children? Or do children sigh with boredom and say: "Didn't you ever hear of Rockefeller? He owned an oil-truck in every village in the United States." Or do they say: "Haven't you heard of Lindbergh or Alcock and Brown? They flew across the Atlantic." "Haven't you heard of television?" Is it any use telling children of wishing rings or magic carpets? Haven't they seen more wonderful things than Andersen and the Grimms imagined?

TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY

The twenty-fourth of May is the first of the summer holidays. It is variously known as Victoria day and Empire day, but most frequently and affectionately as "the twenty-fourth of May." It is a day for fishing trips, expeditions into the outdoors, and gardening. It is also interesting to recall that it is the birthday of Queen Victoria, of whom at the time of her last illness the German kaiser, her grandson, hastening to her bedside, wrote: "This unparalleled grandmother, as none ever existed before."

Unkind Biographers

Queen Victoria has been revealed by cruel and clever biographers as a narrow-minded ultra-puritanical old woman whose greatest distinction was the number of years she clung to the throne. But they can't—those harsh biographers—deprive her of the twenty-fourth of May. Millions of people are indebted to Queen "Vic" for many wonderful spring holidays in her honor, and the millions are likely to go on regarding her as a great and good sovereign.

AMUSING STORIES

There are many amusing stories told of Queen Victoria. Once a new minister had been presented to her, and she made some comment on him. Someone ventured to pass on to her majesty what the new minister thought of the queen. She said: "Dear me! I did not give a thought to that. It is so beside the question. What really matters is what I think of him." The ladies who took her out, in her later years, for her afternoon drives had a doctor's instructions to keep up a persistent conversation lest she fall asleep. Her sleepiness was abnormal and harmful to her health. The ladies would finally run out of conversation and one would say: "Yesterday, ma'am, I heard a barrel-organ in the park." "A barrel-organ? But I was not told. I am never told anything."

Political Sense

She was credited by some of her ministers with a great sense of what the mass of the people would think of any question and her advice was often sought. In fact, the queen who was crowned 100 years ago played a much more active part in government than has any British monarch since. And now, for one day of the year at least, she rules us from her grave.

JOY IS CHEAP

It is too often assumed, and should be frequently denied, that pleasures are expensive. There is just as much to be said to support the statement that joys are inexpensive. Walking, for instance, involves the use of only time and shoe-leather, and what greater joy is there to those whose work involves sitting at a desk? Hazlitt tells us, if we remember correctly: "I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy." There are, too, the joys of reading and of conversation.

Our Baltimore Oriole

We had in mind an illustration of our own. Since the advent of the motor-car, country roads are not quite as much fun as they were in the days of Hazlitt. We are inclined to think of pleasure in terms of the inside of a motor-car. Last week one afternoon the writer had occasion to make a business trip to Toronto. A trip to the city! Surely that should be a joyful event, filled with happiness. But it was a headache, the nerve-strain of traffic, the noise of the city, and the foul air of thousands of exhausts and factory chimneys. And it is expensive buying gasoline and oil to go to the city. Then we enjoyed, the same family party, another trip the following day. It was not so far from home. In fact, it was down into our own backyard to see the birds. Within an hour we had far more joy than from a half-dozen trips to the city. We saw and identified to our own satisfaction the Blackburnian Warbler and his mate, the Yellow Warbler and his mate, a Thrush, probably the Gray-checked Thrush, and a Red-eyed Vireo. Here is a hobby we can all engage in, involving an initial expenditure for a pair of field-glasses which will last a lifetime and longer but no other expenditure unless it is for bird charts to help us identify what we see. There is also a Baltimore Oriole in our backyard. There is probably one in your yard too.

HUMANIZE WAR?

Now the proposal is made to "humanize" the civil war in Spain. How is it possible to humanize the killing of human beings? The proposal is made as the result of the destruction of the historic old town of Guernica by aerial bombardment. Priceless records and buildings were destroyed, and women and children were ruthlessly slaughtered. Is it any more human to kill men than to kill women and children? A proposal to humanize war is based on the anti-Christian myth that war is a manly calling. It recalls the old-time cease fire against the use of poison gas and dum-dum bullets. Efforts to make war respectable simply postpone the day when the people of the world will shudder at the very thought of this wholesale slaughter and make an end of it forever.

RESPECTABLE SPEAKING

Sir Alfred Morne, who was one of the speakers at the Conservative annual meeting here on Saturday afternoon, was once prime minister of the ancient colony of Newfoundland. Sir Alfred was very fair in discussing the C. I. O., declaring that their intentions in Canada seemed to be orderly and lawful. He said among other things: "All I've got to say to the C. I. O. is that when they come to Canada they must speak respectfully of British institutions and Canadian leaders." Now that statement interests us very much. We are tired of the Oshawa strike discussion, but we wonder just why the C. I. O. must speak respectfully of Canadian leaders when Canadian leaders do not speak respectfully of each other, and when Canadian newspapers do not always speak respectfully of Canadian leaders. Sir Alfred was concerned about the C. I. O. representatives having insulted Premier Hepburn. But have not Canadians insulted Premier Hepburn, and has not Premier Hepburn himself said unkindly things about other Canadian leaders from time to time.

PUBLIC FUNDS

There is some disagreement among members of the town council as to the legitimate uses of the public funds. The mayor, Dr. S. J. Boyd, states that because some people do not like music the town could not build a bandstand. The same might be said of improvement of the fair grounds, that, because many people are not interested in horse-racing, the town should not contribute toward improvement of the track. Dr. Boyd has been enthusiastic about improving the track in the belief that Newmarket might be made a racing centre. It would be easy to apply the same argument to a bandstand, and to build a bandstand in order to make Newmarket a band centre. There is much to be said, however, in favor of not spending the public money for anything that it doesn't have to be spent for. Grandstands and bandstands are better built through the money-raising efforts of private citizens.

The Common Round

By Isabel Inglis Colville

"Cat Cunning"

We hear of horse sense, dog intelligence, elephant acuteness, fox slyness, and the subtlety of the serpent, but we never, no never, or well—hardly ever, hear of the sense, sensitiveness, intelligence and general all-round knowledge of cats.

We had all kinds of dogs, from mastiffs to toy fox terriers, we've had parrots and poms, but here I stand ready to challenge any one to disprove my statement, that a cat knows more than any other animal.

Now our Freckles is a small, grey, mild looking feline; she will sit in front of you and stare you out of countenance until she gets your attention, then she squirms—makes herself into an excellent imitation of a snake—this means she desires food—and at once!

Suppose you offer her what the other cats eat, bread and milk or vegetables, she turns and walks off with the air of a tragedy queen—but offer her morsels of cake or meat and her purrs resound sonorously.

This is bad enough, but not content with going on a diet herself, she has taught her infants to refuse anything but exactly the same food in which she herself indulges. But aside from this, she is a cat of noble character and extreme bravery.

The other day my little friend Ina was coming home from school, when what should she see but their own great yellow collie come bounding out of our gate, tail between his legs and going as if pursued by an army with banners.

Close—too close for Bounce's comfort, came a small, grey demon of a cat; tail the size of two of the Persian variety and every individual hair standing as erect as if wired.

Up the road they ran, until Freckles reached a neighbor's gate, which always marks the end of their travels. Pausing here, with a triumphant hiss and growl, she turned and came proudly home. Since then Bounce has been remarkably by his avoidance of our premises.

She has, I am sorry to have to record, taught Puff to chase cars. So, any night, if you drive along the fourth of Whitchurch and see an animated grey fur ball chasing your car, you will know you are beholding Puff doing the thing she should not do, but also the thing she has been encouraged by her reckless parent to do.

Cats have a decided sense of humor, believe it or not. I'll give my mother as witness. There is a certain corner where the cats' food dish stands. This is in close proximity to the door. Now all the cats know that if they go and rattle the handle of the door, someone will open it.

Well, one morning Mother saw Goldie trying to turn the handle, so she kindly turned the knob, expecting him to go out. But, no, having gotten someone there, he immediately stuck his nose in his

food dish to show his desire. As it was not feeding time, no notice was taken of his petition, which he repeated too often to allow of any thought of its being done by chance. If I am out of doors he bounds to the door ahead of me, puts his paws against it and waits for me to open it, then just as I do off he lies about in the opposite direction. Oh, he's got a sense of humor, even if it isn't one we appreciate.

One summer evening we were sitting in the verandah and the cats were playing all about us. Suddenly Mother said, "That baby cat is going out on the road; it will be sure to get killed. You'd better bring it in."

"Wait," said my better half. "Look, what's happening? And there before our astonished eyes, there happened a little cat drama which would have made a delightful film."

"Old Whitley," a cat of uncertain age, but quite elderly, left the group of which she had been the noisiest member, stalked up the lawn, reached the gate just as the kitten did, cuffed it soundly, shouldered it about and marched it down the lawn, talking to it in high soprano meows. Then, re-lenting, she played games of tag with it, till it was consoled and willing to slay away from the danger zone.

She was a cat of wisdom and foresight. I think in a former incarnation she must have been a witch or a witch's cat, for there was something uncanny about her. She adopted us, and while with us had two beautiful snow-white kittens.

Her former owner, coveting these asked for her return, so put cat and kittens in a high covered barrel with only a hole in the top. In the morning cat and kittens were in their nest in our stable. A neighbor who is a very early riser saw Whitley with one kitten, carrying it back, then watched while she went for the other and brought it.

She was worn out and never moved all the next day, but her owner left her here, and here she stayed, till her demise a few years ago. Her special weakness was food—she never seemed to be quite satisfied. Now, I always put their food on separate places on a clean paper.

Whitley, in spite of the fact that she was toothless, always got all her food eaten first; then with apologetic meows she proceeded to pull the meat from in front of her neighbors on either side, and gobble it down.

I have seen a cat who has lost her kittens taken into the mother's nest of a cat with a kitten, and cared for as tenderly as a human being could do it—the care of the kitten shared between them, and the disconsolate little mother consoled and made perfectly happy. So, taking one consideration with another, do you wonder that I stand up for, nay, am ready to fight for, the reputation of cat-hood?



MILLIONS FOR MONOPOLIZED MURDER

(Note: Condensed from an editorial by Edgar James in "What and Otherwise," official publication of Tedford Young People's Union.)

What shall we say to the voting of 35 millions of dollars for armaments, here in Canada? Does it make our blood run cold by bringing us back to those horrible days of the Great War? If it doesn't it ought to, for when we study the action of our government a little deeper we find that it is not a police force for Canada, for in addition to this we intend to spend over \$6,000,000 to support the R.C.M.P.

The spending of \$35,000,000 is merely the beginning of a preparation for another world war; a war which will be many times worse than the last world war due to the fact that for almost 20 years scientists have been inventing new machinery and gases for butchering human lives.

Fraser of Northumberland made the statement in the House of Commons as follows: "Let us realize that it is our duty as Canadian citizens not only to support these estimates but to make up our minds to continue to vote for greater estimates next year, and the year after, and just so long as dictatorship is rampant throughout the world."

Does it seem to be a gesture of security? Security from what? Has our country suddenly become endangered by invasion from other countries? We have no quarrel with our neighbors and are enemies to no one. We have had peace with the United States for over 100 years and have no reason to fear her. We have the Arctic ocean on the north, the Pacific on the west, separating us from Eastern Asia which we have never had reason to fear in the past, nor have we today.

We have the Atlantic ocean on the east separating us from Europe with whom we have no reason to quarrel, nor they with us. Chiefly because we have never threatened their countries with huge armies and armaments. Secondly, they have trouble enough at home that they must watch and their eyes are not turned across several thousand miles of open ocean.



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Cora Hears of a Horrible Habit

BY RUTH DINGMAN HEBB

"Well, Cora, my dear!" said Chips, the Chickadee, to his wife. "I have been having a little chat with Mr. and Mrs. Great-crested Flycatcher and they are coming back with me to speak to you. They'll arrive any second."

"I'm not very keen about them," Cora replied. "They're so noisy and quarrelsome. They say that they are so cranky that two pairs of them hardly ever have their nests in the same woods. We Chickadees have never had a reputation like that."

"And they chase smaller birds, too," she went on. "And they're likely to be hunting for a nest now. Why, they might even want our site—they sometimes use deserted woodpeckers' holes just like this. And here we are with the babies just born and absolutely helpless. I'm in a panic! Oh, why, oh why, did you allow them to come over?"

"It was very tactless alright," agreed Chips, "but I'm sure they won't hurt us. They're really cowards, because they only chase smaller birds—not ones much bigger than themselves, as their cousins, the Kingbirds, do. And if necessary, we would put up a good fight, even though we are small. Sh, sh, here they come now. Keep close."

The big birds arrived with noisy shrieks of "wit-whit, wit-whit." They were handsome birds, colored olive-brown above, with ash-grey throats and upper breasts. The inner webs of their long tails were ruddy-colored and their underparts were dull yellow. Handsome crests completed quite a distinguished-looking costume.

Greetings were exchanged and it seemed that the Flycatchers were in quite a friendly mood, but every once in a while one of them would make Cora jump in

alarm, with a long "whee-eeep." "What harsh voices they have," she murmured to herself. She couldn't stop long to chat as she was busy feeding the five hungry babies in the nest, but she managed a word or two as she hunted for insects.

"I suppose you are working on your nest?" she asked trying to sound casual, but inwardly trembling for fear they would suddenly take an interest in her nest. "Yes, we are," the lady Flycatcher answered. "We have a rather nifty little home started in a dead limb, in a tree over in the next woods."

Cora breathed a sigh of happy relief at this information. "Now I won't have to fight for my home and babies," she thought. "As a matter of fact," Mrs. Flycatcher was saying, "we are out this morning looking for some cast-off snakeskins. You haven't seen one around, have you? I simply must have at least one in my nest. We great-crested Flycatchers do that, you know. It's an old family custom."

Cora was so astonished that she let the beakful of food she had collected fall out of her mouth and she shuddered with horror. "How perfectly gruesome," she gasped. "No, I certainly haven't seen one and I'd fly a mile if I did."

"That's just it," replied the Flycatcher with a satisfied smile. "I found a piece of snakeskin a very useful thing in scaring away intruders."

"Why I wouldn't be able to sleep a wink with such a ghastly thing near me," shivered Cora. "Well, no doubt you'll want to be off on your search again. Good morning."

"I had no idea those birds were so barbarous," she told Chips later. "I'm thankful they didn't even get a glimpse of our darling new family."

50 Years Ago

From Era File, May 27, 1887

Mr. Brigham of Barrie, one of the old carters, was in town on Tuesday.

Corporal Peck of No. 4 Contingent, left on Saturday to work on the C.P.R.

Mr. T. J. Woodcock took a trip down East last week.

Dr. W. Armstrong, a Mount Albert boy, has succeeded in graduating in medicine and has opened an office at Keswick.

Captain Ellen Lowe has returned home from Waterloo. Her health has made it necessary to give up Army work.

Mr. Danford Roche and wife, Mr. Wm. Roche and family, Mr. Jas. Pegg and wife, and Messrs. W. Brimmon and Frank Hartley of Toronto were in town on the 24th.

Rev. Father Trayling spent Thursday night with Father Bergin.

Mr. Well, Bogart returned from Big Bay Point yesterday.

Mr. Wm. Mulock, Mr. E. Yule, reeve of Aurora, and Mr. E. J. Davis, ex-reeve of King, attended the funeral of the late Howard Wildfield last Friday.

Mr. Jos. Bogart visited Youngstown, N.Y., on Sunday.

The Misses Tracy of Aurora were visiting Miss Kelman on Sunday.

A large family gathering took place at Mr. Isaac Hoag's home on Park Ave., on the 24th.

Rev. M. Webber will address the Gospel Temperance meeting on Sunday.

Miss May Bastedo and a couple of cousins came up from Toronto for a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. A. Miller, and family, have gone to Bowmanville for a few weeks.

Mr. Frank Bogart and family arrived at the old homestead, Mr. Phillip Bogart's home, from Sandford, Ohio.

Miss Bond of Toronto, her sister, Mrs. May of Barrie, and Mr. W. E. Ross of Toronto, were visiting at the home of Mr. Wm. Bond on Sunday.

Mrs. Thos. Dolan has been unwell for the past month.

Mrs. Rolia's sister, Mrs. T. Botsford, and her daughter from Toronto, returned on Wednesday, after a visit here.

L. W. Paisley of Fairview Farm, Lemonsville, won several prizes with his horses at the Richmond Hill fair.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Patterson of Bloomington were visiting Mr. D. W. Reid on Wednesday.

Messrs. J. D. Allen and F. K. Hendrickson of Oceanic, N.J., arrived in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Sheppard of Toronto left for Hamilton on Wednesday, due to the illness of Mrs. Hamilton's father, Dr. Montgomery.

Marrriage—At the residence of the bride's sister on May 17, 1887, by Rev. Mr. McDermid, Robt. Rush, of Sault Ste. Marie, to Miss Sarah Cody, eldest daughter of Mr. Benjamin Cody of Yonge St.

25 Years Ago

From Era File, May 31, 1912

Mrs. Leech of Toronto was home for the holidays.

Mr. Angus Williams of Ottawa was in town during the holiday.

Miss Elmira Thompson spent the week-end with friends in Toronto.

Mr. Frank Fisher and his mother spent Victoria Day in Oshawa.

Mrs. Fry of Toronto visited her sister, Mrs. Geo. Wood, on Sunday.

Mrs. C. E. Hoffman of Windsor is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. M. Hughes.

Miss Hanshaw of Toronto was a guest of Mrs. B. Hewitt during the holidays.

Mr. Caldwell E. Brown spent the 24th in Windsor.

Miss Lily Plummer of Toronto is spending two weeks' vacation with friends in town.

Wm. Keith was one of the judges at the Richmond Hill fair on Friday.

Mrs. Eck has returned to Newmarket, after spending the winter with her daughter in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Wesley and Miss Bert Wesley spent the holiday with Dr. Wesley.

Mr. Lyons' two nieces, the Misses Lonsdale of Toronto, spent Sunday with their cousin, Miss Beatrice Lyons.

Miss Dowell, Miss Doreverell, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Cable of Toronto spent the holiday with Miss Florence Thompson.

Miss Beatrice Wesley assisted at the golden wedding of Dr. and Mrs. Ogden in Toronto on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brown of Pine Orchard were visiting Mr. W. J. Headhead and sister, Mrs. J. Thompson.

Mr. James Stark and Misses Eleanor and Esther Stark spent the holiday with Mr. Stark's mother at Sandford.

Mr. John English visited his mother on the holiday.

Mr. Walter Brodie and family visited Mrs. Brodie's mother, Mrs. Allard, and Mr. Will Ireland at Parry Sound during the holiday.

Mrs. J. N. Wright is spending several days at Roche's Point.

Mrs. L. H. Dorland returned to Wellington on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Cole of Toronto spent the 24th with his parents on Yonge St.

TO THE EDITOR

Editor, The Era: On Saturday afternoon we went up to Orchard Beach to see if everything was O.K. and found that this popular resort

Make Repairs and Extensions to Your Home

under the Home Improvement Plan

HOME Owners who wish to take advantage of the Dominion Home Improvement Plan may obtain full detailed particulars from any branch of this Bank.

Briefly, the Act authorizes the Bank to make loans up to \$2,000, on any single dwelling to owners in good credit standing. No security is required.

Farm owners may secure loans for the repair or improvement of any buildings on the farm . . . for the construction of a second dwelling for hired help . . . to replace fences . . .

City owners may borrow to convert a property into a duplex dwelling . . . for extensions . . . for modernization . . . to build a garage . . . and for repairs of any description.

Loans are to be repaid on the instalment basis and may be arranged over periods of from six months to three years; provided also that requirements in excess of \$1,000, may be arranged over a term of five years.

The rate of 3 1/4% discount per annum on monthly instalment loans is equal to 6.32% simple interest, which is the basis of all charges.

Apply to the branch in your district.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Head Office—Toronto

NEWMARKET BRANCH—F. H. HEWSON, Manager

LOCAL MARKET

Eggs were selling from 17 cents to 20 cents a dozen on the local market Saturday morning. Butter was 27 and 28 cents a pound. Rhubarb was selling for 5 cents a bunch and 3 bunches for 10 cents. Asparagus was 10 cents a bunch and 3 bunches for 25 cents.

TORONTO MARKETS

Off-truck bacon hogs closed at \$3 to \$9.15 in Toronto on Tuesday. Choice weighty steers were \$3 to \$3.50. Medium to good butchers were \$2.25 to \$2.50. Spring lambs sold for \$7 to \$10 each. Toronto dealers were paying \$1.15 to \$1.20 for bag No. 1 Ontario potatoes. Graded eggs, grade A large, were 20 cents, cases free; ungraded eggs, delivered, cases returned, grade A large, 17 cents. Spring broilers were bringing

Orchard Beach

Mr. J. T. Eastwood has installed another bathroom downstairs and is having his house repainted.

Mr. Eastwood and his niece, Mrs. Douglas McKnight and little daughter, Mary Jane, are spending a week at the beach while repairs are being made.

Mr. Beal is repairing his roof and doing a few odd jobs around his place.

The Sapp family have moved their cottage a considerable distance back from the road and have built a very fine fireplace making an improved appearance all around.

Out at Hornerville there have been some decided changes and Mr. Horner is to be congratulated on his efforts to improve his section of the beach. The landscape gardening looks very pretty.

Mr. Geo. Hamilton has torn down some old farm buildings opposite his place and has erected a board fence which makes a nice approach to the golf grounds.

He and his sons are hard at work on the greens and expect to have them in good shape very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carhart and Mrs. R. J. Millar spent the weekend at their cottage "Raymer".

Dr. and Mrs. Rupert Balfour paid a flying visit on Sunday to look things over at their place.

It won't be long now until the whole beach will be alive with people who enjoy the splendid air and surroundings of this healthy resort.

Bethel

The regular monthly meeting of the Bethel Ladies' Aid and Women's Missionary Society will be held at the home of Mrs. Geo. Wilkinson, Belhaven, in the first week in June. Mrs. Wm. Pollard of Elmhurst, a former president when living in the neighborhood, is expected to speak. The correct date will be given next Sunday. Those not attending any church are invited to Bethel next Sunday at 11 a.m.

Payment of The Era in advance, and discontinuance of subscription not renewed, is in the best interests of readers. The new system is proving popular, and assures a better local newspaper.

and a half pounds. 16 cents for select A, one to one

Pot - Pourri

BY GOLDEN GLOW

There is an old saying, "You may as well be out of the world, as out of fashion," and really, truly, I think I'd just as soon be out of the world as attempt to keep up with the new styles. The latest seems to be hats without crowns, and I am wondering if that is a coronation idea, for, of course, most of the coronets are simply circlets. It surely is amazing how coronation has permeated everything, everywhere, even to minutest details.

Old ladies and elderly gentlemen have been proud to wear either a medal or a miniature crown to mark their loyalty, while younger men's neckties and women's clothing have certainly "gone coronation"—you see the coronation colors everywhere.

Even the dairymen celebrated by making ice cream in the shape of a crown, and, if that wasn't enough, had special coronation milk-bottle tops. And very neat they were, too, and appropriate—a royal blue shield with a crown above outlined in red and the Lion and the Unicorn at the sides, with "God Save the King" in red letters below, and in white, on the shield, "Coronation, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth". I was so delighted with it that I have enclosed two in letters to friends in England so they can see for themselves how truly loyal we are over here in Canada.

Now papers and letters from England are coming over to us describing that most wonderful of pageants. Soon Canadians attending the ceremonies will be back and we will be hearing all about it from their lips. Even yet I can't get over the wonder of it all! That wonderful broadcast! We do verily live in a wonderful age. Even 20 years ago, things that are accepted now as everyday events, were never dreamed of in our wildest flights of imagination!

The Great War of course speeded things up, but all the miracles of modern science were on the way. We can't but wonder what those who are the younger generation now, will see before they reach old age.

When my thoughts begin to get involved this way, I invariably find myself thinking of the last verse of the much-loved Christmas hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear." Perhaps I should quote the verse for fear some may wonder what I am referring to:

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling
Years shall come the age of gold.

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lines. She wore matching gloves and silver slippers with picture hat and an arm bouquet of Johanna Hill roses.

After the ceremony the wedding party came by motor to the home of the bride's parents in Newmarket where the wedding breakfast was served in the dining room gaily decorated with spring flowers and plum blossoms in huge floral baskets. The table was spread with a Madeira lace cloth with the three story wedding cake gracing the centre, under a wedding bell of white with white streamers to the four corners of the table. The flowers were sweet peas in the coronation colors and lily-of-the-valley. There were white candles in silver candleholders.

After the reception for the immediate families, the bride and groom left for a trip to Quebec City where they will stay at the Chateau Frontenac. On their return they will take a motor trip to Northern Ontario to visit the groom's parents. The bride wore a romance blue suit with Crayon red accessories for travelling. On their return they will reside on Sherwood Ave., Toronto.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry visited relatives at Udonia over the holiday.

—Messrs. Kenneth Osborne and Wm. Pipher spent the weekend at a house party at the Royal Simcoe Hotel.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Stokes, Newmarket, and Mrs. Stokes' sister, Mrs. John Watson, and her nephew, Mr. Cedric Watson, both of Stouffville, spent the holiday in Owen Sound.

—Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Goodings, Toronto, visited Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hebb on Monday.

—Mr. Eric Veale of Pickering College spent the holiday at his home in Beaverton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pipher and family spent the weekend with Mrs. Pipher's sister, Mrs. F. Eagleson, at Orangeville.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon A. Campbell of Toronto spent the weekend with Mr. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell.

—Mrs. C. O. Nash and family spent the holiday weekend with Mrs. Nash's sister at Pontiffrill.

—The Misses Beryl and Helen Bogart spent the weekend in Stratford.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. R. Bell and family and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Gilman spent the holiday weekend with Mr. Bell's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bell in Ottawa.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Adams and family and Miss Helen Blendauer spent the holiday weekend with Miss Blendauer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Blendauer in Port Elgin.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Holmes and Laurie spent the weekend in St. Catharines.

—Mrs. Kergen, wife of Dr. Kergen of Prince Rupert, and her daughter spent Victoria day with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCaffrey.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lundy had as holiday weekend guests their daughter, Miss Audrey Lundy of Toronto, their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Lundy of Toronto, and Mrs. Lundy's parents and brother, Mr. and Mrs. John Parliament, and Mr. B. Parliament, of Huntsville.

—Mrs. C. R. Blackstock is visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Carson in Cleveland for a week.

—Mrs. Mazo Eade, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eades and baby, Miss Ruth Fletcher and Mr. Leonard Fish spent the holiday weekend in Niagara and Port Robinson where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Eade, Mr. Clarence Eade and Mr. Oscar Eade.

—Miss Clara Crowder of Toronto visited her mother, Mrs. Mary Crowder, over the weekend and together they visited Mrs. Ross Thompson, Holt, another daughter of Mrs. Crowder.

—Mr. Cyril Patstone of Hamilton, and Miss Muriel Patstone of Toronto spent the holiday with

their parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Patstone.

—Miss Gwyneth Connell of Toronto visited her grandmother, Mrs. L. Atkinson, and Miss Betty Dales for the holiday weekend.

—Miss Beatrice Bovair of Toronto General Hospital staff, spent Wednesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bovair.

—Miss Dawson, Miss Kerr and Miss Eileen Boyd, all of Toronto, spent the holiday weekend with Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Boyd.

—Miss Betty Tolton of Toronto formerly of Newmarket, spent the holiday weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brammer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dunn were in Toronto over the weekend.

—Mr. Law Chantler is home from Sudbury for two weeks' vacation and Miss Jean Chantler of Toronto is also spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chantler.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker and Miss Dorothy Walker of London were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brammer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brammer and Miss Betty Tolton spent

Try Salada Orange Pekoe Blend

"SALADA" TEA

SUMMER WILL SOON BE HERE

Are You Ready?

Now is the time to get your summer supplies of Sport Shirts and Socks

Made-to-measure clothing by Lailey Trimble or Cook clothing

C. F. WILLIS

Tailoring and Men's Wear

PHONE 160

MAIN STREET



William Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in "Libeled Lady" Showing at the Palace Theatre Friday and Saturday.

their parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Patstone.

—Miss Gwyneth Connell of Toronto visited her grandmother, Mrs. L. Atkinson, and Miss Betty Dales for the holiday weekend.

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Watch costs, when you're deciding on your new car! Compare prices, gasoline mileage, oil economy, upkeep expenses . . . and you'll choose Chevrolet, the car that inspired the famous phrase, "for Economical Transportation".

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See—drive—the complete car in the lowest price field today! Buy on low monthly payments, through the General Motors Instalment Plan.



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CHEVROLET

NESBITT MOTOR SALES
38 Main Street Newmarket

\$745

Master 2-Door Coupe delivered at factory, Ontario, Government taxes, license and freight additional. (Price subject to change without notice.)

C-13781

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

PHONE 12

—Mrs. Howard Cane is spending this week with relatives in Kitchener.

—Miss Rae Eves is attending the old girls' reunion at Alma College, St. Thomas.

—Miss Mary Ross spent the weekend with friends in Zephyr.

—Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Gauley and Dr. and Mrs. Simpson were holiday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Russell.

—Mr. Walter Brodie is still confined to his bed after his fall of a couple of weeks ago. He is making slow progress. Many friends and relatives from out of town called to see him over the weekend.

—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cane spent the holiday in Gravenhurst.

—Mr. Doug. White and Mrs. Jack McEne spent the holiday at their homes in Beaverton.

—Mrs. T. Ryan of South River was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans on Sunday.

—Mrs. R. N. Richardson of Toronto spent Victoria Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, Lydin St.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Moss and family of Toronto spent the holiday weekend with Mr. Moss's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Moss.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bernard McHale and family spent Sunday with Mrs. McHale's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Andrews, in Willowdale.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Brodie of Toronto spent the weekend with Mrs. Brodie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Manning.

—Mrs. H. J. Baines of Aurora was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy on Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Little, Mrs. Robert Moore and Mrs. J. R. Stallard went to Callander and saw the quintuplets on Monday.

—Miss Sarah Jones and Mr. Bill Jones spent the weekend in Haliburton.

—Miss Eileen Hart spent the weekend with friends at Lake Simcoe.

—Mrs. R. J. Hackett of Toronto spent the weekend with her son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Hackett.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alex Eves and family and Miss Lillian Daniels spent the holiday with relatives in Port Elgin.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Doyle spent the holiday weekend at Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, near Buffalo, N.Y.

—Master Julian Bruce of Toronto spent the weekend with his aunt, Mrs. W. J. Thompson.

—Mr. Bill Cane spent the weekend with Mr. Ghent Davis at Muskoka.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Goodwin and Master Donald and Miss L. Bayley, all of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Goodwin.

—Mrs. McConchie of Dunbarton was visiting Mrs. E. Western of the weekend.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harley Wells of Toronto spent the weekend with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Wells.

—Mr. Frank Robinson spent the weekend with his sister Mrs. J. Morgison

WANT-ADS

WANT ADS RATE

The rate for Want Ads is 25 cents for 25 words for one insertion; 40 cents for two insertions; 50 cents for three insertions. One cent for each additional word per insertion.

E. A. BOYD

REAL ESTATE — For Sale: Farms, Houses, Acreages, Lots, INSURANCE — Automobile, Fire and Casualty.

FOR SALE

STOVE OIL — Best Canadian stove oil at wholesale prices. Tank truck delivery to your door each Thursday. Phone orders to 533. A. D. FORTIER

For Sale—One two-wheeled trailer, complete. Apply to A. Bartholomew, Newmarket. *1w17

For Sale—Spaniel puppies, 6 weeks old. Phone 431. clw11

For Sale—White enamel kitchen cabinet, nearly new; a Sink, three-quarter size bed, complete and a sliding couch, suitable for a cottage. Phone 221. clw16

Plants for sale—A good variety of boxed plants, including tomato, cauliflower, cabbage, petunias, asters, snapdragons, Sweet Alyssum, etc. B. Groves, 129 Prospect St., phone 455 for prompt delivery. c2w16

For sale—Asparagus roots, five years old, Mary Washington. Raspberry canes, Viking. Strawberry plants, Williams. Large or small orders. E. A. Woodton, Kennedy St., Aurora, phone 212. c2w16

For sale or rent to a careful party. Six-roomed cottage, garage, electric lights. Two wells, over an acre of land, lots of fruit, facing park. Mrs. Fred Clark, Sharon. *3w16

GLADIOLUS BULBS—Choice varieties from 15 cents dozen upwards. Price list on request. Do not delay, order now. J. J. McCaffrey, box 624 E. Newmarket. t18

FOR RENT

For Rent—Rooms, cheap, suitable for young couple. Apply Era box 32. *1w17

WANTED TO BUY

Wanted to buy—Extension ladder, good length, good condition. Phone Mount Albert, 2004 or Apply Era Box 30. *1w17

Wanted—A second-hand piano, in good condition. Apply Era box 31. *1w17

HELP WANTED

Wanted At Once—Experienced farm hand. One who is reliable and willing. Apply Harlan Huntley, Sutton West, phone 30-F-4. clw17

Help wanted—A leading Canadian Life Insurance Company having a large clientele in this territory requires the services of a special representative to take charge. Only applicants with a successful business reputation need apply, as the territory is a good one, the position permanent and the income will increase year after year for a reasonably successful representative; even if his sales remain the same each year. Write Era box 24. c3w16

Maid wanted—For general housework in town. Apply Era, box 33. c1w17

WORK WANTED

PAINTING — A. G. Chantler—Painter and decorator, sample books on hand, 13 Tecumseh St. c3w14

HORSES

Fugilin (14977), inspected and Enrolled. The prize-winning young Percheron stallion will stand for service of a limited number of mares for the season of 1937, at John Pinder's, lot 7 and 8, con. 4, East Gwillimbury, Property of Henry Hulst. Service fee, \$13. Queensville. c5w14

BOARDERS WANTED

Boarders wanted—Two gentlemen preferred. \$6.50 per week including washing and mending. Apply 44 Eagle St. c1w17

Boarders wanted—Also garage to rent. 32 Ontario St. *3w15

BOARD FOR CHILDREN — Infants well cared for by capable, experienced, child's nurse. Special care given to under-nourished children (confidential if desired). Terms reasonable. Box 32 Aurora, telephone 289. Adv.

HOUSE FOR SALE — VERY CHEAP — On Prospect St. 8 rooms and hall on one flat. Basement full size. Can be divided. ALSO — Two lots on Cotter St. No reasonable offer refused. T. C. WATSON — Newmarket

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PERSONAL

WHEN PAINS ARE TORTURE From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, use Rumacaps—their Two-Way Action attacks the cause. Rowland's Drug Store. *1w17

NOTICE To Dog Owners

You are hereby notified that Mr. G. W. Curtis has been appointed by the Police Commission of the Town of Newmarket to collect taxes for all dogs in Newmarket. The Dog Tax was payable on the First of May, 1937, and Mr. Curtis has instructions to issue summonses against the owners of all dogs failing to secure and pay for the license on or before the First of June, 1937. By Order of the Police Commission, N. L. MATHEWS, TOWN CLERK.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the Estate of William White, late of the Township of East Gwillimbury, in the County of York, Farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 21st day of March, 1937, are requested to file the same, properly proven, with the undersigned, Charles William White and George Wesley White, Executors of said Estate, on or before the 5th day of June, 1937, as immediately thereafter, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of said Estate, amongst those entitled thereto, having regard only to those claims then filed. Dated this 10th day of May, 1937. CHARLES WILLIAM WHITE, GEORGE WESLEY WHITE, Executors, Queensville, Ont. c4w15

Court of Revision NORTH GWILLIMBURY

Take notice a sitting of the Court of Revision of the assessment roll for the township of North Gwillimbury, will be held at the Community Hall, Belhaven, on Monday, the seventh day of June, 1937, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, when appeals against the assessment roll for 1937 will be heard. Fred L. VanNorman, Clerk of the Township of North Gwillimbury. c2w17

BIRTHS

Filker—At York County hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Filker, of Aurora, on Saturday, a daughter.

DEATHS

Fowlie—Suddenly on May 19, Benjamin Fowlie, aged 49 years. Brother of Mrs. C. Lottion, Stouffville. Interment, Prospect Cemetery.

Mann—At the residence, 169 Garden Ave., Toronto, on Tuesday, May 25, Richard Charles Mann, aged 31 years, beloved husband of Edith Mann and father of Harold Mann, Toronto; Richard and Bill, Los Angeles; Emily Mann, Hamilton and Mrs. Lindsay Mitchell, Bowmanville. Resting at the chapel of McDougall and Brown, 646 St. Clair Ave., West. Service in the chapel 1:30 p.m., Thursday. Interment in Newmarket cemetery.

McKay—At Parkwood, Sherbourne St., Toronto, on Monday, Annie, widow of the late Amos McKay, in her 80th year. Service was held on Wednesday. Interment Stouffville cemetery.

Nedick—Wednesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred F. Saunders, 116 Concord Ave., Toronto, Emma Nelson, widow of the late Joel Nedick, Stouffville, in her 91st year.

Resting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Doten, O'Brien Ave., Stouffville. Interment Stouffville cemetery, Friday afternoon. Flowers gratefully declined.

Prine—On Wednesday, May 19, at the Toronto General Hospital, Charles R. Prine, formerly of Ballantrae, husband of Julia May Lee Prine, 201 Booth Ave., Toronto.

Rose—At Mount Albert, on Sunday, Clifford Byron Rose, husband of Ella Wallace, aged 46 years.

Public service, Hartman church, Interment Hartman cemetery.

Taylor—Suddenly at Bradford, on Monday, Wilfred F. Taylor, husband of Grace Bastine, aged 39 years. Interment Veterans' Plot, Prospect Cemetery.

White—On Saturday, at Whitby, Christie Elta White, in her 76th year. Funeral Monday, from the residence of her niece, Mrs. W. Davidson, Davis Corner, King township. Interment Aurora cemetery.

Roadhouse & Rose

Funeral Directors

MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET.

Flowers wired to all parts of the World

Flowers for every occasion

Funeral Flowers A SPECIALTY

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

PHONE 12

More social and personal news will be found on page three.

—Mr. John Carruthers is home from McMaster University, Hamilton, where he has been studying.

—Miss Ruby Carruthers of Toronto spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Carruthers.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Playter of Newmarket and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Armitage of Toronto are spending a week at Englehart, northern Ontario.

—Miss Margaret Coyle and Miss Catherine McCaffrey of Toronto spent the holiday weekend with Miss McCaffrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCaffrey.

—Mrs. Anna Danbrook spent the weekend with her niece, Mrs. P. S. Legge.

—Miss Doris Johns spent the weekend with Miss Dorothy White of Queensville.

—Messrs. Kenneth Sargent, Orville Wilson and Bus Haynes spent Victoria day at North Bay.

—Messrs. Vernon and Burt Playter spent the weekend in Detroit.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Tinegate and family of Welland spent the weekend with Mrs. Tinegate's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Sanderson.

—Mrs. Joe Marks and Allie of Toronto spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. Sanderson.

—Mr. Eric Carter has returned home for the summer months from the O.A.C. at Guelph.

—Messrs. Don Rose and Geo. Luesby motored to Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo over the weekend.

—Mr. and Mrs. Len Wilson of Scarboro Junction have returned

after visiting Mrs. S. J. Freshwater, Hillcrest farm, Newmarket.

MCALKESE-FOSTER

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Presbyterian manse here on Monday when Edith Rubina Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Foster of Queensville became the bride of Thomas James McAleese of Queensville, son of Mr. and Mrs. James McAleese of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. McAleese are making their home in Queensville.

SMITH-GILLARD

A pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Paul's Anglican church on Saturday evening when Phyllis Hild Gillard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gillard, became the bride of Jeffrey Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, all of Newmarket. Rev. Arthur J. Patstone performed the ceremony.

The bride, lovely in a gown of turquoise blue chiffon silk with matching accessories was given in marriage by her father. She carried roses and was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Gillard who wore pink chiffon silk with matching accessories.

Mr. John Smith was his brother's best man and Mrs. J. O. Little played the wedding music.

After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 45 Huron St. About 50 guests were present and during the evening they enjoyed a tap dance by Miss Dorothy Tinegate of Welland.

The happy couple left for a short motor trip and are making their home in Newmarket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Len Wilson of Scarboro Junction have returned

after visiting Mrs. S. J. Freshwater, Hillcrest farm, Newmarket.

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TULIPS, DAFFS. TO BE SHOWN

Misses Lottie and Luella Hamer of North Bay called on friends here, over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Teasdale and son of St. Catharines visited relations in town over the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Findlay are home again. They had been in China for a year with their daughter.

The Presbyterian Sunday-school teachers are having a May-time tea on Saturday afternoon. A tea and baking sale will be held on Friday by the Parish Guild.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Kerr and family of Montreal have been visiting Mrs. Kerr, senior, and Mrs. N. F. Johnson.

Mrs. Amiraux of Toronto has been the guest of Mrs. H. J. Charles for the holiday.

The "story-hour" folk are having a hike and picnic on Saturday morning next.

Miss Dorothy McKenzie was in London for the holiday weekend.

Mr. Cyril Hamlin, who has been attending McMaster University, is in town again.

Misses Leila and Helen Boynton motored to Niagara Falls, N.Y., to visit their brother for the holiday.

There will be a spring flower show in the council room on Saturday. Entries will be received from 1:30 to 1 p.m. and the public are invited after 2 p.m. Tulips and daffodils are to be shown.

Aurora Oddfellows were guests at Mount Albert on Tuesday evening.

Obituary

MRS. R. E. TRAVISS

On Friday, May 14, at the home of her mother, the funeral was held of the late Mrs. R. E. Traviss. Interment was made in Newmarket cemetery.

A resident of Ottawa for the past thirteen years, Mrs. Traviss died on Wednesday, May 12, at the home of her mother, Mrs. Frances E. Kelley, 46 Millard Ave., Newmarket. She was in her 37th year.

Formerly Ruth Bernice Kelley, she was born in Newmarket, a daughter of Frances E. Quick and her husband, the late Franklin W. Kelley. Mrs. Traviss was a well known and respected member of Southminster United Church, Ottawa.

Surviving are her husband, R. Earl Traviss, a son, James Earl, and a daughter, Jane Frances. Rev. W. S. Alexander, pastor of the Christian Congregational Church, Newmarket and Rev. Russell McMillan, pastor of Southminster United church, Ottawa, officiated.

LAND GOOD CATCHES

Two parties of Newmarket fishermen who went north to Hawk Lake, Haliburton, had lots of fish to show for their efforts. Allan Bartholomew, his father, A. B. Bartholomew of Stouffville and Frank Stephens caught their full allowance of 30 lake trout, over the weekend.

George West, Charles West and Joe Brammar, also at Hawk Lake, got their fish too.

BOWLING SEASON OPENS

The public is cordially invited to attend the opening of the Lawn Bowling Club's season on Monday at 7:30 p.m. Anyone interested in the game is invited to be the guest of the club for the evening. The greens are expected to be in A-1 shape.

Mr. Harry Dale of Tottenham was best man. The ushers were Mr. Bruce Black of Newmarket and Mr. Ewart Mitchell of Toronto, cousins of the bride and groom respectively. During the signing of the register Miss Laura Black, cousin of the bride, sang "O Promise Me."

Later a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. The bride's mother received wearing royal blue crepe with navy accessories and corsage of pink roses. The groom's mother chose periwinkle blue crepe with navy accessories and corsage of yellow roses. Following the reception the couple left for the United States. For travelling the bride wore a blue coat, printed in navy dress and navy accessories. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Marchant will live on the eleventh concession of King.

HAVE FINAL MEETING

Members of the Parochial Guild of St. Paul's Anglican church were entertained at the home of Mrs. Jim Miller, Huron St., at the final meeting for the year. The guild will resume its activities in September. Bridge and a dainty lunch were enjoyed.

Be Ready For The Summer . . . Have a BONAT permanent wave with the VIT-AMIN "P" Oil, \$3.00 up to \$7.50.

Finger-waving, marcelling, manicuring, hair-cutting, scalp treatments and shampoos at moderate prices. Evenings by appointment. Phone 593

ENORA K. FRENCH BEAUTY PARLOR King George Hotel Timothy St. Entrance

NOX KIDNEY FLUSHERS

The right way is the only way. If you suffer from kidney trouble, treat them the right way. Flusher them with (NOX) KIDNEY FLUSHERS. They flush the bladder, kidneys and ureters. They are made antiseptic. No more getting up at night; swollen limbs; no lower rheumatism and that burning sensation and backache is moved. There is only one (NOX) KIDNEY FLUSHER, and each package contains one month's treatment. Price One Dollar at drug stores or direct from the Nox Laboratories, Bay St., Toronto. Your kidneys will be flushed like a clock. NOX KIDNEY FLUSHERS act as a mild laxative, removing bile from the liver.

ROWLAND'S DRUG STORE Phone 309 Newmarket

E. STRASLER & SON QUEENSVILLE

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND

AMBULANCE SERVICE PHONES—2509—2502

BRUNTON'S

Friday and Saturday - May 28 and 29

Groceries

Sweet Valencia Oranges	doz.	25c
Messina Lemons	doz.	25c
Free Running Table Salt	pkg.	5c
Sweet Corn	2 tins	19c
Prim Toilet Paper	5 for	25c
Seedless Grape Fruit	3 for	21c
Fry's Cocoa	1-2's	19c
Beehive Syrup	5 lb. tin	39c
Corn Starch	pkg.	9c
"Meadow Cream" Soda Biscuits	2 lb.	23c
Canada Matches	3 boxes	21c
Choice Sweet Prunes	2 lb.	21c
Campbells Pork & Beans	in sauce, 1ge. tin, 2 for	19c
Blue Ribbon Coffee	lb. tin	37c
Vanilla Extract	bottle	5c
Star Ammonia Powder		5c
Castile Soap	Reg. 10c bars	7c

Dry Goods

Curtain Nets - Rayon Silk and Cotton Tuscan Nets. 15 per cent Discount off Regular Prices. Buy and Save Friday and Saturday.

Fritted Curtains—27 in. wide, 2 1-4 yds. long, colored frills, worth 55c for 35c

Grass Verandah Rugs 27 in. x 54 in. each 39c

Reversible Smyrna Floor Rugs, each \$1.98

"Gold Seal" Congoleum, 3 yds. wide, sq. yd. 65c

Stair or Passage Oil Cloth, 18 in. 32c—24 in. 42c

SHOES

Women's and Growing Girls' White Kid Oxfords Cuban, Military and G.G. heels. \$1.98

G.G. Black Kid Sandal Strap Sizes 4, 4 1-2, 5, 5 1-2. Reg. \$2.00 for \$1.59

Men's and Boys' Camp Shoes \$1.59 and \$1.39

W. A. Brunton & Co.

Phone 32 We Deliver

WORKS AT MUSKOKA

Jack Hopper has accepted a position with C. S. Sheridan at Muskoka.

A Scotch lass, about to become of age, was playing

Holland Theatre

BRADFORD

Showing Daily—7.30 and 9.30 p.m. Air-Conditioned

FRIDAY — SATURDAY — MAY 28 - 29

"COME CLOSER FOLKS"

J. DUNNE MARION MARSH WYNNE GIBSON

"GALLANT DEFENDERS"

C. STARRETT JOAN PERRY

MONDAY — TUESDAY — MAY 31 - JUNE 1

"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"

BING CROSBY M. EVANS

Honeymoon Bridge - Jump Horse Jump - Garden Gaieties

WEDNESDAY — THURSDAY — JUNE 2 - 3

"DODSWORTH"

(IN TECHNICOLOR)

WALTER HUSTON RUTH CHATTERTON

Additional Short Program

BRITISH - ISRAEL WORLD FEDERATION, CANADA

(Un denominational)

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday, May 30th - 3.30 p.m.

OPEN FORUM

Questions Answered - Discussion

Dr. Scott, CKCL, 1 p.m. D.S.T.

Sensational Values in BABY CHICKS

All our stock are blood tested and are headed with high pedigree R. O. P. males. Records as high as 300 eggs behind them.

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY

For the month of May we are offering day-old Barred and White Rock chicks at \$8.00 per hundred; White Leghorn at \$8.00 per hundred.

OLDER CHICKS

200 BARRED ROCK CHICKS, 3 weeks old, at \$15.00 per 100
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School Notes

DAYLIGHT SAVING

(By Pedagogue)

We join in with those sensible people who protest against this modern nuisance. Of course, it is all right, very pleasant and convenient for those who are not travelling, or who have no children to think about.

Let us ask the mothers who have to deal with the children in the home. Do the girls and boys go to bed an hour earlier? Is it as easy to get them up in the morning and prepare them for school an hour earlier?

Perhaps, if mothers would do more public protesting, the powers-that-be may be constrained to

show more consideration toward the rising generation.

Let us ask the teachers what they think about the condition of the girls and boys in school. Are they as bright and alert as they were?

We have heard complaints from teachers regarding pupils being unfit, physically and mentally, because of late hours and counter attractions.

Perhaps, if the teachers would join in a public protest, a big boost might be given to public opinion against the new time.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Long have moved from W. C. Lundy's house on the corner of Millard Ave., and Victoria St. to Queen St. East.

Palace Theatre

WATER-WASHED AIR

For the convenience of our out-of-town friends, the show will be continuous from 7 p.m. to 12 p.m. Saturdays and Holidays, during daylight saving period.

TONIGHT — THURSDAY

"FURY"

SPENCER TRACY SYLVIA SIDNEY

FRIDAY — SATURDAY — MAY 28 - 29

"LIBELED LADY"

JEAN HARLOW WILLIAM POWELL MYRNA LOY

SPENCER TRACY WALTER CONNOLLY

Interesting Features

MONDAY — TUESDAY — MAY 31 — JUNE 1

Two Splendid Features

"THE GREAT O'MALLEY"

PAT O'BRIEN HUMPHREY BOGART

"CHEROKEE STRIP"

DICK FORAN JANE BRYAN

Clyde McCoy and his Orchestra

WEDNESDAY — THURSDAY — JUNE 2 - 3

Two Outstanding Productions

"KELLY THE SECOND"

PATSY KELLEY GUINN WILLIAMS

"LAW OF THE RANGER"

BOB ALLEN ELAINE SHEPARD

Matinee every Saturday 2.30

Towed Under

By Rowland Thomas

"Admiral" Jackson — so we called him in deference to his shipboard dignity — set down his sixth mug of tea half-emptied and looked about the mess-room thoughtfully.

"There's something about Christmas," he began.

"Cut away the soft talk and get on with the story," the tall young fellow who sat beside me called impatiently. Sammy was his name, and the heavy hand of London had graven its mark deep all over him.

"Well, it was on the Wayne," the Admiral began, sliding down into his swivel chair and throwing his feet across the corner of the table. "She's a little thing beside this one, two thousand tons maybe; but she's the fastest of the transport fleet, and a cleaner, nicer ship for sea never was built."

"We went out from New York by way of the Suez, and we had a cargo of congressmen. You'd find 'em on the bridge, and pokin' round the stoke-hole, and chinnin' with the crew in the fore'st, and wherever you missed a congressman you'd run against a senator. It was some kind of a committee of investigation going out to look at the Philippines, a year or two after the treaty was signed, and find out how bad we'd got stuck on the bargain. There never was a silk-hatted ship pulled out of a dock than the Wayne was that trip, and of course it made the crew good and happy to have all that crowd of owners aboard."

The Admiral flapped the heels of his big carpet-slippers meditatively. "I've often thought it would interest passengers to know how a ship's crew goes around sizin' them up on the quiet," he said. "A man lies easy in his deck-chair, and the sailor who's cleanin' the brass alongside him can tell you whether his shoes have been half-soled or not. We damaged the character of all of 'em, impartially, and finally we settled on one to last us out the whole sixty days."

"Old oiler-plate, some one called him, and the name stuck. It had a nice movable sort of a face that worked on hinges, and a dignified, important expression that looked as if it had been welded on and then reinforced with rivets. There were dents here and there where the blacksmith had got careless with his hammer. I doubt if one man was ever hated more to the square yard than that man was by the crew of the Wayne."

"After he got over being seasick he put in his time rummagin' over the ship as if she belonged to him, and he suspected some one was trying to spoil her. He'd spend hours watchin' a gang at work, and at last they got pretty sore over it. It wasn't his lookin', but the way he looked at 'em, straight through you with that immovable face, as if you weren't worth winkin' an eye for."

"We made all the regular transport stops that trip, Gibraltar, Malta, Said, Aden, and the rest. Most of the passengers went ashore and made an inspection of each port, but old oiler-plate would just lie in a long deck-chair and size 'em up, and you could tell by the look of his eye that he thought such places were mighty lucky to have a man like him look at 'em, even from a distance."

"We couldn't understand it for a while, his disposition being so prying in most things, but at last we made out that he didn't think much of foreign colonies anyway and was saving up his energy to spend on his own possessions. For when we got to the Philippines he began to look the islands over just the way he had the ship."

"No place was too small or far away for him to have a stare at. The rest of the crowd dropped off one by one, they got to thinkin' of the society and ice plant in Manila, but the old man, who was a chairman or something, kept weavin' the ship in and out among the islands, and on the morning of December 24th, just a little over a year ago, of all un-Christmassy places, we found ourselves on the northeast coast of Samar."

"The trip was all but ended; there was just time to crowd on and make Manila by the end of Christmas afternoon, and you wouldn't think anyone who could get away would stay on that coast. But this friend of ours had heard of a river thereabouts with some special kind of timber on it, and nothing would do but he must have the launch and go and see it."

"We were a sore lot when the Wayne rounded to under the lee of a little island about five miles off shore and dropped us overboard. Sandy MacMurray, the fifth officer, was in charge. He was a red-headed Scotch boy with a bad temper. There was a coxswain and a deckhand, and I was running the engine."

"Our friend sat in the cockpit forward, opposite Sandy, staring straight ahead. He didn't look round even when Sandy began talking to me for his benefit. 'Give her all the steam she will carry,' he said. 'We'll go faster than we'll come by the look of the sky. It's an indecent place to send a launch anyway.'"

"It did not look promising. It's a bad coast there, all filled up with uncharted coral reefs and sand banks. The tail of a typhoon had passed out into the Pacific a day or two before, and a long lazy swell was runnin' down out of the northeast and breakin' into a good bit of sea in the channel between the little island and the coast of Samar."

"But it wasn't the swell that bothered us. The whole current comes runnin' out through the San Bernardino Strait right there. Five knots an hour it'll set to the eastward, at times, and it'll take

the biggest ship off her course as easy as the eddies below a mill-dam sweep a wherry round.

"What with a hint of wind in the clouds, and the knowledge that the tide would be makin' from the Pacific by noon, and meeting that San Bernardino current, and the whole thing mixing up with that ground-swell, there was a prospect of a wet passage when we should start back in the afternoon."

"But of course we took our orders like any other kind of medicine and ran in shore in a very bad temper, as I've said. When we reached the bar at the mouth of the river Sandy took the wheel from the coxswain and sent the other hand forward with the soun'ing pole. We ploughed up and up that river, half-speed most of the time, and Sandy steerin' all the way. He was a good man with a boat, or we'd have hung up early in the game. I never saw a worse channel. The river was like an endless street between the big trees, and after an hour or two Sandy said:

"It's all like this. We'd better put back, if you want to make the ship tonight."

"Our friend didn't even bother to look at him, just kept borin' his eye into the timber ashore."

"I'm usin' this launch for purposes of investigation, Mr. Officer," he said, "and I must decide for myself when I've seen enough."

"Sandy's jaws came together with a snap, and I knew they wouldn't open till his feelin's blew 'em apart."

"We kept on going till about noon, and we must have been thirty miles upstream when all at once Sandy put his helm over and swung her downstream without a word. I glanced out under the awnin' and saw what was the matter. It was still enough on the river, but the tops of the trees were shaking, and the air was full of a low humming sound."

"Our passenger almost looked surprised."

"What is the meanin' of this, young man?" he asked at last.

"Sandy let go the wheel with one hand and half turned around, with his eyes stickin' out of his head. His jaws opened all right."

"Wind," he shouted, waving his hand at the trees. "W-i-n-d! Wind! Does that leak through your armor-plate? Is it you or the engine that's gettin' tired, Jackson?"

"I stood by for an explosion from the passenger, but never a muscle of his face moved."

"We kept on downstream, making all the speed we could, but it's harder takin' a bad channel with the current than against it, and it was well on, toward sunset when we swung into the last stretch and the wind caught us for the first time. It was blowin' a livin' gale."

"All at once we heard the Wayne's siren, and looked downstream with a jump. She was lyin' just off the outer edge of the bar, it seemed, and for a moment we thought she must be aground. But she was risin' and fallin' with the sea, and we soon understood. The five-mile channel outside was one stretch of breakers, and the captain had done what not one skipper in 50 would dare to try, and not one

in a 100 could do — stood over through those reefs and swung her in-shore with sternway on to pick us up."

"Down toward the mouth of the river the channel hugged the west bank and deepened, and we were running down it at more than full speed, when something happened. A dozen puffs of smoke burst out of the brush to port, and the bullets sang overhead, as usual. That may sound like a fairy tale, but those outlaws down there have a way of doing such things. Samar's a bad island," the Admiral commented mildly, "but they ought to learn to shoot with their eyes open."

"We run on a quarter of a mile and were close on the bar when they gave us another volley. There was a chugging sound, and Sandy's left hand fell from the wheel as if someone had jerked it loose. The coxswain jumped toward him, but Sandy simply headed her straight for the bar with his right hand."

"Go forward to catch the line," he ordered. "Bill and the passenger stand by to bail." And we struck the smother on the bar."

"How we got through it I don't know, but we did, and when it got a little smoother I found the passenger in my cockpit, calm as ever, while water was washin' our ankles."

"What shall I do?" he asked. "Take that bucket and bail, I said. It's all day with us if the water reaches the grates." And I turned to put our little steam pump in action."

"But I watched him out of the corner of my eye as I worked. He was a good man with a bucket, and his long arms fairly flew. Once he straightened up with a grunt and peeled off his long black coat. It went flyin' down wind as he picked up his bucket again. He had the cockpit dry quick as a pump could do it, then he ripped off his collar and tore open the front of his shirt. Evidently he was warmin' up, though his face didn't change."

"What next?" he asked.

"Heave some of these ashes overboard with that scoop," I said. "The big shovel scraped on the iron, and I straightened up for a look ahead. But I ducked again quick, for I thought I'd poked my head into a melted hail storm. I turned round to say something, for it seemed as if anybody ought to know better than to heave loose ashes to windward in a gale. But he was digging a hot cinder out of his neck, so I kept still."

"By the time he had the asphalt clear we'd run down pretty close to the Wayne and the end of a heaving line came rattling across the awning. The first officer was standing by the after-bits."

"Take the hawser aboard and hang on," he shouted to Sandy. "It's your only chance. If we find you can't tow, we'll cut on the cable. You hang on till further orders."

"Like most portable launches, the one we were in was a bit top-heavy, and when the wind caught the awnings it just canted her over to starboard, and the minute the hawser tautened she went still further."

"Give her more steam," Sandy yelled, and in a second the hawser was slack again."

"The congressman was standin' right back of Sandy. 'Why don't you let the ship tow us now?' he asked."

"Sandy flung his head half round and tossed his little speech over his head in mouthfuls as he juggled the wheel up and down with his one hand."

"Ever see a patent log?" he

asked. "Ever see the spinner on a spin? No harm of course, but makes us — too dizzy to swim well."

"Sandy's remarks didn't call for an answer, and I could see the passenger keeping a weather eye on that bit of rope, as we all were. I had a full head of steam on, and mostly we kept it aloft; but it would lift at times, and once when the crest of a wave slowed us she felt the bite of it and came within an inch of turning turtle."

"Sandy began to hail the deck for the first officer, but of course he was busy forward, and we got no answer."

"Why don't you cut it?" asked the passenger, getting on to what was the matter."

"Orders," said Sandy shortly, swinging her a bit to meet a sea. The passenger looked at him sharp."

"It ought to be cut?" he asked. "Sure," said Sandy, "unless we want to be towed under. Just stow your conversation till I'm through steering, will you?"

"The passenger looked at Sandy's back again, and then he pulled out a big clasp-knife — big as a cleaver, it seemed — and crawled out on the overhang and began hacking away at the two-inch rope. The launch rode easier the minute she was free of the drag of it, and I was thinking everything was right when Sandy's knees seemed to double up."

"Take the wheel, coxswain," he said, dazed-like, and sank down in a little heap in the water that was sloshin' round the cockpit."

"For a minute he stared at Sandy, and then the passenger picked him up and laid him down along the seat, all limp, and began cutting away his left sleeve with the big knife. I never want to see a worse sight than Sandy's forearm was. The bullet had torn it all to pieces, but the boy had just hung to his wheel with one hand and never knew he was hurt bad till his boat was safe."

"As the old fellow stood looking down at it those dents in his face moved in and out slow, as if he'd started a joint and his plates were workin'. But in a minute he was as calm-looking as ever and began cutting strips from his own shirt and tying up the arm the best way he could to stop the bleeding."

"All this time the coxswain had been bucking her into the sea, and we'd worked off short a little. She made very bad weather and went very slowly, but still she went, and after a while we saw we had a good fightin' chance to get across that channel into the lee of the island, where we knew the Wayne would lay to and wait for us."

"When we were about halfway across Sandy moved a little on the bench and began to mumble something. The pain and loss of blood had driven him delirious. I gave him and seemed to listen, and after a bit he picked the boy up in those long arms of his and sat down with him cuddled up against his breast like a baby."

"It was a funny sight, for the old man's face was dirty clear down to his waist, where that shovelful of ashes had hit his wet skin, and Sandy's blazing head lay against it like some new-fangled flower. But somehow I didn't feel like laughing. You could see he'd forgotten the launch, and the sea, and everything."

"After a bit Sandy spoke again, a little louder. 'Feyther! I can't get the Scotch sound of it.'"

"The passenger bent that hard

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face of his lower. "Yes, son," he says.

"Sandy moved his head a little on his shoulder. 'It'll be Christmas the morrow,' he said."

"The passenger nudged him up closer and looked at the boy hard, sort of half surprised and a whole lot ashamed, and then all at once his face kind of split open in the middle, and I tell you of all the pretty smiles I ever saw that old man had the prettiest right then."

"Yes, son," he said, "it'll be Christmas. And you'll see many a merry Christmas hereafter, if you and I get out of this." And Sandy, I suppose, dreamin' he was a youngster again back at home, sort of half opened his eyes and smiled kind of weak, and for once in his life Sandy was sort of good-lookin' too."

"The Admiral picked up his thick mug mechanically, took a sip of the lukewarm tea and straightened up with a jerk."

"What became of Sandy?" asked a water-lender, as softly as his big voice would let him. "Sandy!" echoed the Admiral. "Oh, the congressman got the idea, somehow, that Sandy was a good man. He happened to have a pull with the Mail Line, Sandy's second officer on one of those new boats, and he'll be a captain by the time he's thirty."

Sammy took his elbows from the edge of the table and drew as long a breath as his narrow chest would hold. "Leavin' out the Christmas party, which is just a game to please the kiddies," he said critically, "it's a bloomin' good story. 'E was all right, that old bloke, an' the young Scotch chap, 'e was all right, too. Give me chaps as ain't softies, every time."

Just then a heavy fist thundered on the door of the mess-room, and a voice roared, "Eight bells! First relief to the engine room," and they all got up stiffly and shuffled down to their steel-bound prison, to drive the old ship a watch farther over the snowy sea.

The Era office is open Saturdays from 2 to 5 p.m. and from 8 to 10 p.m. for the renewal of subscriptions, for the convenience of out-of-town subscribers. Subscriptions may also be renewed with Mrs. W. R. Steeper, Mount Albert, Murray Huntley, Queensville, Mrs. A. C. Marritt, Keswick, Miss Pearl Ward, Sutton, or with any authorized Era correspondent.

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Hikers Take The Sky Line Trail



Peter Whyte, prominent Banff artist whose paintings grace many drawing rooms in Canada and the United States, will lead the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies on a most interesting four-day holiday this year to Larch Valley near beautiful Moraine Lake and the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

Plans have been completed for the annual outing, from August 6 to 9, of this unique organiza-

tion which seeks out the loveliest spots in the Canadian Rockies and spends four healthy, happy days on Shunk's more touring the valley's alpine meadows, and rocky country above the timberline.

While hiking is a popular all-summer sport at Banff Springs Hotel and Chateau Lake Louise, the Trail Hikers go on credit for the hiker's trip. Larch Valley, old, they comb the country for

vantage points to witness a spectacular sunset or sunrise, for camera shots to take back home as trophies, and for lakes where the trout bite freely. With a central camp in Larch Valley, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies will spend their official four-day outing in largely unexplored sections of the Rockies. On the closing evening they will have a pow-wow and election of officers.

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SATURDAYS AND HOLIDAYS—7.30 and 9.30 P.M.
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

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ROSCOE KARNS ELEANOR WHITNEY

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FLOWERS AT HER FEET

By MARIE BLIZARD

CHAPTER 42

"He's doing nicely but there's something mysterious about it . . . you know what plane crashes are . . . he's doing nicely but there's something mysterious about it . . ."

The phrases ran together crazily and came out nowhere in Alix's mind. They wouldn't say John was doing nicely if he were gravely ill, would they? What could he be moved to another hospital without naming the hospital? You know what plane crashes are. Terrible injuries . . . legs, arms.

Alix said, "Excuse me," to a man with an armful of packages when she nearly knocked him down. She said, "I'm sorry," to the policeman who pulled her back from the wheels of an auto. She found herself pushed about by a milling mass of office workers discharged from their buildings in the five o'clock rush. She went along with them, having no destination.

She hadn't thought of the newspapers. Surely they would give her news of John. He was an important business man in New York. The accident couldn't have faded from the papers so soon. She bought all the late afternoon papers and tried to read them standing at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Lexington avenue.

It was hard to do so. She went to a nearby restaurant. She ordered toast and coffee and spread her papers. Carefully and then frantically she searched page after page and at last came on a small note.

"Miss Carolina Cushing," she read, "who was injured in the crash of the private plane of William O'Leary, noted sportsman, in the Catskill mountains on Wednesday, was discharged from the Harbor Hospital today and has returned to her home in Park avenue. In a statement to the press, she admitted today that she will fly back to the coast to fulfil motion picture contracts within a fortnight. Rafael Cordoba, Spanish film actor, states that he plans to fly with her."

Nothing about John.

And Carol was going to leave him. Alix left the papers in the restaurant. She had things to do before the night was over. She had to find a place to live. She had to return to the railway station for her luggage. She had to sleep because on the morrow she had to find a job and start her life all over again.

How many more times in her life, she wondered wearily, was she to make a fresh start. She wandered back the way she had come on Lexington Avenue and came to the Y.W.C.A. This was where she had first met Kathleen. It was from this very place that she had begun the happiest year of her life.

"Come in," the posters said. "Join Our Swimming Classes." "Learn to Weave." "Tennis Classes Begin Nov. 1." "Saturday Night Dances for Members and Friends."

"Weaving, eh? Or how about a Saturday night dance for you and your friends?" Alix wasn't aware that she had said the words aloud. She found two girls staring at her interestedly. To cover her embarrassment she went in straight to the desk.

"May I have a room?" she said and as easily as that she found a home.

It was a very modest home but it was reasonable. There was room in the metal hantboy for her things and if there was only one lamp in the room, the room wasn't big enough to need more.

The next morning she was dressed and had breakfasted by nine o'clock. She scanned papers for news of John Sayre. There was none.

That morning she paid her first call at the office of the Warner Company. She had been gone a year. Her successor had been married and was gone, she was told, and there was a Miss Hallway in charge. Could she see Mr. Sammis?

"Hello," he said. "You look wonderful." She didn't; she looked tired worn and older.

"I'm glad you think so," she said. "I got tired of the west. So now I'm back to get a job. I'm a good advertising woman. What's going on, do you know?"

"Gosh, I wish there was something here," he said, beginning to squirm as she had expected. "Oh, I'd rather get into advertising," she said quickly.

"Have you tried Sayre? You used to be a mainstay over there."

"No, no I haven't," she said, and didn't add that she wouldn't. "Tough luck Sayre had, wasn't it. Something funny about it?"

"What's funny about it?" "Hushing it up that way. I was reading in the Star-Mirror that he was taken from the Doctor's hospital at midnight but he wasn't taken home."

"I don't know what's so peculiar about that. They probably took him to another hospital."

Oh, don't stop talking about it. I have to know!

"It's my impression that he was pretty badly cracked up and for business reasons the company doesn't want the news to get out."

"Oh!" Alix got a grip on herself. "Well, it's been nice to see you. I wish you'd let me know. I'm staying at the Y on Lexington Avenue."

I like what you have here and I'll keep you in mind. We haven't any openings at present, but I'll be glad to let you know if anything turns up here or if I hear of anything. Have I your address and telephone number?"

"There might be something here along about the spring, but right now we're retrenching."

"Too bad you didn't come in last month. We were looking for a copy writer who does this kind of stuff but the job's filled now."

For three weeks that was the disturbing tenor of the things that Alix heard and at last, she exhausted the list of agencies. Then she put away her copy book and began the rounds of the interior decorating shops and departments.

She thought of the success she had made of Mae Alexander's shop in Bairdsdale when she was turned away, sick at heart, from the endless polite conversations she had with superior sales people in these places.

At least, there was always her stenography. She practiced in that small Y room at night and

receptionist at the Sayre-Coulton Advertising Agency. If there was anything to know about the agency, Genevieve would know it.

She had not been a friend of Alix's when Alix was secretary or later a minor executive in the agency but in these last few weeks Alix had gone about systematically to make her one.

She had dropped into the agency one day, stopping very casually at the reception desk, "I thought I might catch Mr. Kennedy in. I wanted to ask him a question. Is he, do you know?"

Genevieve said she'd see, and Alix waited, knowing very well that she had seen him leave the building ten minutes before and so timed her entrance.

"I'm sorry, Miss Carey, he doesn't seem to be in. Want to leave a message?"

"No, thank you. I'll stop by again. By the way, do you mind if I make a personal remark? I love that blouse you're wearing. Did you have it made?"

"This one?" Genevieve was pleased. "No, I got it up in a

little shop on Madison Avenue."

"I never have any luck with little shops. I can't ever find them or something."

"I'll be glad to show it to you. Perhaps I could have lunch with you some day?"

Alix looked very pleased. "Would you really? Then I'll give you a ring soon. Oh . . . what's the news about Mr. Sayre? How is he doing?"

"I can't tell you really"—this was a month after the accident—"but Mr. Moulton sees him all the time. He always just says that he's getting along fine. Says he's mending nicely. Isn't it terrible?"

"Yes, he was awfully nice," Alix said. "Well, I've got to be getting along. I'll give you a ring about that luncheon."

That was the way that she laid her plans to find some way of hearing about John Sayre.

Lunching with Genevieve was impossible. Alix had too little time and she didn't want anyone in the Sayre-Coulton Agency to know where she was working, that she was a salesgirl at a glove counter.

"Hello," she said on the telephone a few days before Christmas, "this is Alix Carey. I'm terribly sorry I haven't had a chance to lunch with you. I've been over my head in work. I wonder if you'd have time one of those nights to have a bite of dinner with me. I'd like to see you again and hear about the agency, and I thought you might point out that shop to me."

"That was why she boarded a Fifth Avenue bus on a bitter cold night in December. Usually she walked the distance to the Y building to save carfare. Tonight she was too tired to walk to her meeting place with Genevieve."

Nevertheless she was bright and animated—at whatever cost—while they ate their dinner and lingered over their coffee. She talked to the other girl about Christmas gifts and clothes and all manner of things while she held in check the one subject she wanted to know about.

At last she said, "You know Mr. Sayre was awfully kind to me when I was at the agency. I've thought of him often and how sad it is that he is still ill with the holidays coming on."

"He must be getting better," Genevieve said. "His secretary sends his mail out every day and his business is going on."

"Oh, then he's home?" Alix was careful to keep her tone casual.

"No, he isn't. Nobody knows where he is except Mr. Coulton. That's why, if you should ask me, I think there's something peculiar about it. But you know the one I'm not so sorry for?"

"No," Alix said, hoping Genevieve would go on talking about John.

"That dame," "Dame?" "La Cushing, I guess you never saw her . . ."

Never saw her? Would to heaven she never had! There was nothing on Alix's face but mild interest.

"Carol Cushing," her name was. She was cracked up

the same time as Mr. Sayre. She was kind of a cousin or something of his. Anyway she used to come around the office if she were Miss New York and was she a pain in the neck! I used to keep her waiting 20 minutes. I'd say Mr. Sayre's line was busy."

Alix warned to Genevieve. "Didn't I read somewhere that she was engaged to him?" Alix tried to be subtle.

"Who? To Sayre?" " . . . maybe it was a mistake . . . " Alix retreated.

"I never saw anything like that. Listen, you can't keep a thing like that quiet around the agency. Everybody there knew every girl he went with."

"Oh, is that so?" Alix thought and kept silent.

"I read in a movie magazine that Cushing and this Spaniard, who was also cracked up were going to elope to Yuma."

"Yuma is a long way from here. It seems strange that they'd go to Yuma from Los Angeles by way of Albany," Alix said drily.

"Yeah, I guess you're right." "Were they all on a pleasure trip?" Alix threw in her last question.

"I don't know about all of them but you know our agency has the Mutual Picture Company's trade advertising. It's a big account and Mr. Sayre had to go out to the coast a couple of times a year. He usually flew out with this man who owned the plane. And if you ask me that's how the Cushing girl got her picture job."

Alix didn't want to ask her anything else. She had learned plenty. Her dinner companion had earned the dinner she wouldn't let Alix pay for.

"Size six and one-half in white doesn't? Yes, madam. I'm sorry but these are the only ones we have without buttons. I can show you the yellow doekin . . ."

Doekin. Kid. Antelope. Fabric. Hand-stitched. Ruffled cuffs. Gaintlet models. From nine to six you'll think Alix Carey would have enough to do thinking of them. And so she had while another thing that was half gladness and half sorrow remained in her mind. Gladness because John Sayre had had another reason for going to California than to take Carol Cushing there; sorrow, because she knew that he was ill and knew not where.

"I'm sure, Madam, that they will wash. They're guarantee. Just one minute, please . . . I'll wait on you," Alix looked up from her book to the woman who thrust a pair of gloves near her.

The two girls—one behind the counter, the other a customer—stared at each other for a second. Then:

"Kathleen . . ."

"Alix . . ."

"Oh, but Kathleen . . ."

"Alix, we've got to talk! What time are you through?"

"Six-fifteen. At the Thirty-Seventh Street employees' entrance."

CHAPTER 44

"KATHLEEN, did you . . . ?"

"Alix, where have you . . . ?"

"But tell me about . . ."

"No, I want to hear about you . . ."

"If you are not in a rush, darling let's go in there and talk over a cup of tea. We don't seem to be getting anywhere this way," Alix held hungrily to Kathleen's arm until they found a table in the tea room a block from the store where Alix worked and where Kathleen had run into her.

"This is like the first time we met. Remember?" Kathleen said and felt something stab her in Alix's own smile that tried to be blithe. It was the kind of a smile that made you feel it was the first in a very long time.

Kathleen hurried on, "We can't possibly say it all to-night, Alix. So, let's get the facts off first. You take her back into her life now?"

She had so many friends. What she had said to a girl who was clerk in a department store? Could this have been Alix Carey thinking these things?

"Four-six-four! Four-six-four! Miss Carey, is that your number?" the section manager asked Alix when she answered the call for her departmental number as the store was closing that night. She had been covering her counter with its night cover.

"Yes, that's my number." Was something wrong?

"Then I have something for you," the section manager handed Alix a small pink card.

Your services will not be required after . . .

They didn't even give her another day! She had been hired on a Wednesday. This was Wednesday and her week was up. Christmas was three days away and she had \$15.00, she had \$18. She had \$3 she had wrestled from hours of back-breaking toil behind that narrow counter.

"But . . ."

"Sorry," the manager gave her an absent smile.

"Miss Hanaway, I am an interior decorator and perhaps if you were to recommend me for . . ."

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BANK CREDIT FOR PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS

1937 presents opportunities for growth and expansion. The Bank of Toronto invites, and will give conscientious consideration to applications for Bank Credit from progressive business men who require money to take advantage of these opportunities.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Incorporated 1855

"Hello, you've been here before, haven't you?" The young college woman in the personnel department was young, capable and kind.

"Yes," Alix said. "As a matter of fact I've been working here for the last three and a half weeks but I was discharged yesterday. I was in the glove department."

"And something wrong about the whole thing?" the other girl asked.

"Everything is wrong," Alix said, throwing herself entirely on the understanding of this stranger. "I guess you hear a good many sad stories here every day. I don't mean to make mine sad or to appeal to your sympathies."

"Go on, want to hear it?" "I need a job. But I'm not really a salesgirl. I've been a successful interior decorator. Not in New York. But I . . . I did all the work on the Kleemann exhibit that you had here a couple of years ago. Do you remember it?"

Miss Nelson said that she did. "Well, I got interested in decorating then and went out to my

MOUNT ALBERT

TRAIL RANGERS
PRESENT LAMP

Mount Albert Trail Rangers and their friends held a jolly party in the church rooms on Tuesday night of this week. After many interesting games had been played, the chief, Jack Pearson, took the chair, and in a neat speech, expressed the regret of the group at the impending departure of Dr. and Mrs. Duncan and the good wishes of the boys for their future days.

Allan Wilson then presented a handsome table lamp to the minister and his wife. Dr. Duncan replied very feelingly, thanking the boys for their good wishes and their splendid gift. Tasty refreshments were then served under the direction of Mrs. Clayton Paisley and Mrs. Robert Wilson. Leonard Brown was in charge of the games.

Mrs. Hackett of Toronto was a recent visitor at the home of Mrs. H. Price.

Mrs. Briggs of Sharon was a guest at the home of Mrs. R. Harper last week.

One did not need to go to Niagara to see peach blossoms. Mr. Chas. Blyth has had a peach tree in bloom which was a perfect picture.

The members of the W.A. of the United Church held their May meeting at the parsonage and 22 ladies were present, after which they were entertained to a delightful lunch by Mrs. Duncan.

Mr. Penfold of Guelph is spending some time with his daughter, Mrs. K. Ross.

"Jim", the druggist, is improving his store with a fresh coat of paint.

The mission band will hold a baking sale on Saturday afternoon, at W. R. Steeper's store. Please remember this and help the band, at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Tom Duncan is spending two weeks holidays at the home of his parents, Dr. J. S. and Mrs. Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Flynn and family, Miss Mary Kightley and Mr. Mitchell of Toronto called on friends in town on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Doug. Pegg of Gormley and Mr. and Mrs. Leach and children of Toronto spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson.

Mr. J. T. Stiver and friend of Ottawa were guests of Mr. Stiver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Stiver over the weekend.

Holt

Blossom time is here again. Tulips and daffodils are in full bloom and nature is beautiful.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Stan Cain in the loss of their infant daughter born on Monday.

Mrs. Foster Hopkins of Cedar Valley visited her aunt, Mrs. Walter Couch, on Friday last.

Mrs. Sheppard of Toronto is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. McClure.

Messrs. Paul and Robert Rutledge of Toronto spent the holiday at the home of their uncle, Mr. Marvin Rutledge.

Mrs. Mary Crowder of Newmarket and Miss Clara Crowder of Toronto spent the weekend with the former's daughter, Mrs. Ross Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Watts visited Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Mahoney of Ravenshoe on Sunday.

Miss Ruth Holborne of Ravenshoe spent Thursday of last week with Miss Madeline Hogg.

Mrs. M. J. Brubacher and baby are spending this week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan McInnis of Palgrave spent the weekend with Mrs. McInnis' mother, Mrs. S. Cripples.

Mr. Chas. Reid of California and Mrs. Robert Graves of Newmarket spent Tuesday with Mrs. Walter Couch.

Mrs. John Hogg is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wilbert Morton of Oakwood.

Miss Evelyn Thompson spent the 24th at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Covert and sons, Gordon and Bill, and Mrs. Hall of Sundridge visited the Switzer family on Sunday.

Among the holiday weekend visitors were: Dr. and Mrs. Covert and son, Ross, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Morley; Miss Flora McDonald of Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McDonald; Miss Eulalie Kingdon of Thistleton with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kingdon.

A troop of boy scouts camped at Preston Lake for the holiday and attended service at Wesley church on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Westcott gave another excellent sermon on "Life After Death." Miss Kelleit, representing the sailors' mission, spoke impressively about her work. The choir sang "The Ships Glide in at the Harbour Mouth."

Mrs. Herbert Oliver and George E. Richardson sang a duet "Drifting." The members are asked to let the Young Men's class know when to call for papers and magazines. The Young People are asked to reserve June 5 for the Y.P.U. steamer cruise to Port Dalhousie.

Wesley Choir visited Laskay Church on Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Simpson, the visiting minister, gave a splendid sermon on "Idealism."

Rev. G. W. and Mrs. Lynd again welcomed Wesley Y.P.U. to their summer cottage near Bala on Victoria day. There were 40 visitors from Vandorf. All had a delightful day.

The Wesley Ladies' Aid will hold a meeting next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Alf. Pattenden. The topic will be "home missions"; roll call, verse on service; scripture, Mrs. R. Brown; reading, Doris Dewsbury; hostesses, Mrs. Snider, Mrs. C. Pattenden.

Vandorf Public School celebrated Empire day with a short program consisting of a pageant, drills, songs and an interesting empire talk by Geo. E. Richardson. The president of Junior Red Cross, Erma Staley, was chairman. Lunch was served. There were several visitors present.

Saturday, June 5, is sports day at Mount Albert and the town will look for all the old boys and girls to come home and make it a success.

Zephyr

Mr. and Mrs. T. Harrison and family of the seventh, Scott township, spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Oxtoby.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcorn and family of London, Ont., attended his brother's wedding at Peterboro on Saturday, then spent the holiday with her aunt and uncle, Mr. R. Madill and Miss Julia Madill here.

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